THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Ringside Seat

These are days when breath-taking events march across the world stage at dizzy speed. The capitals of France and Belgium are free again, their governments restored. Greece is soon to follow. Innumerable threads of life, broken when the Nazis stormed across Europe, are being patched up. The robot-bomb menace seems to be over; the London blackout will soon be modified. Bulgaria has at last changed sides in the war. The rapid advance of the Russians through the Balkans has probably trapped a quarter of a million Germans in Greece, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. A Finnish delegation is in Moscow arranging peace terms; Roosevelt and Churchill are in Quebec planning the last stages of the war with Germany, and the full-scale assault on Japan. At Dumbarton Oaks, representatives of the four chief powers are hammering out the rough shape of the world to come. It is not surprising that domestic political oratory seems weak and pallid against a background of such blazing and majestic pages of history.

Censorship and Overoptimism

By what amounted to an unconscious conspiracy between the United States Army censors and the newspapers, the interests of the present line of German military propaganda were well served last week. The former prevented any news whatever of the actual progress of the Third Army from getting through; the correspondents made up their stories as best they could from men coming back from the front and the press accepted these stories as fact instead of hypothesis, with the result that the capture of the great fortresses of Metz and Nancy was announced in all the headlines and some papers even had American units in Aachen and Saarbrucken. General Ditmar promptly picked this up in one of his gloomy broadcasts and everybody got ready to march in the victory parades, with resultant disappointment when it proved not to be true or anything like it. Actually the German disengaging maneuver seems to have been a good deal of a success at a high cost in manpower (which they doubtless hope to make up in the approaches to the fortified lines). There would seem to be at present adequate troops to hold these lines and inadequate communications on the Allied side for an immediate assault.

Wanted: Good Ports

Far more than in the first days after the fall of Cherbourg, before it was cleaned up enough to receive ships, the Allied need now is good ports with their machinery and lines of communications to the fighting front. Cherbourg itself was never a major port, and as things now stand, it is being called upon to support armies whose supply requirements are not much less than those of the Allied forces in France in 1918. If the armies themselves are smaller, they are more highly mechanized, employ faster firing weapons and can count on fewer supplies from local sources. General Eisenhower gave an indication of the port's inadequacy in his request to the people of Rotterdam to see that its facilities survive undamaged. Doubtless considerable amounts of material can be brought in across the beaches with the aid of landing craft and the special LSD's, but the equinoctial gales along the Channel are approaching and using anything but a sheltered port is likely to become more and more dangerous and difficult as time goes on. In fact it has now become an

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open question whether the Germans cannot force upon the Allied command a winter campaign against the fortified positions. France has been effectively won; the defense of Germany has barely begun.

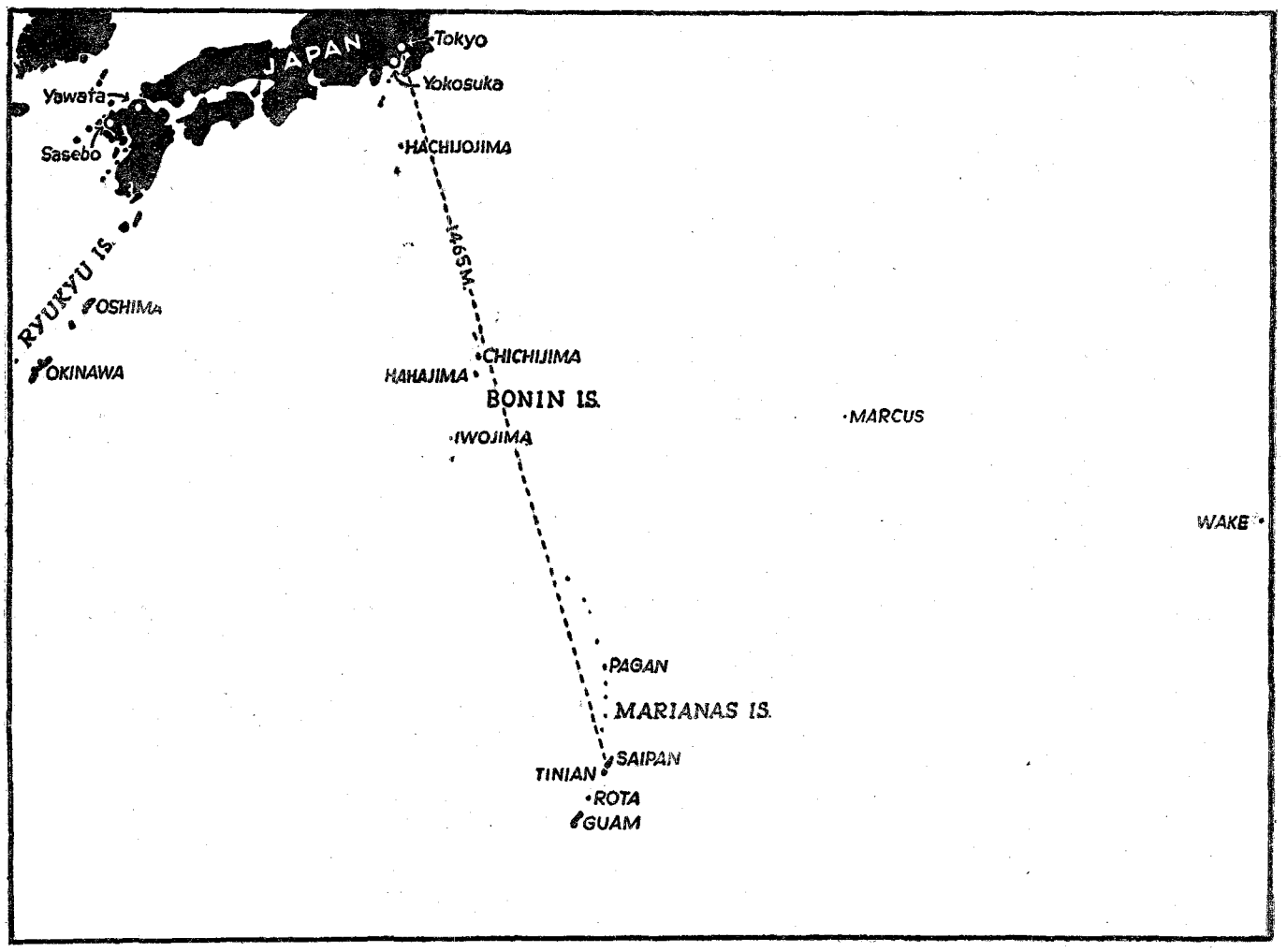
Which Way in the Balkans?

In the Balkans, the Russians appear to have made a clean penetration of the Transylvanian Alps at one point and the forces holding the other passes are now in considerable danger, for communications are not good in that country and already the Soviets have cut one of the main lines. There is still some difficult mountain fighting to be done before Budapest is reached, but here also the Germans are in a situation which is apt to cost them heavily in manpower or territory. From the evidence reaching this country so far, it is still impossible to tell whether the main Russian effort is in the direction of the iron gate of the Danube and direct contact with the Yugoslavs or in that of the Hungarian plain and an indirect contact which would take more time but probably achieve greater strategic results in the long run.

Palau and Mindanao

The simultaneous sea and air attack on Palau and heavy bombing on Mindanao are not another item in the cycle that began with the blow at Wake and the Bonins early in the week, but the logical consequence of that earlier strike. It is interesting to note that of the thirty ships reported as struck in the air and surface attacks on the Bonins, not one was a warship even as large as a destroyer, and the largest commercial vessel was a small tanker. The Japanese seem to have abandoned these islands as normal naval stations for the time being and are using them as look-out points—fundamentally, as fields from which snooper planes can take off. Snoopers are notoriously easy to shoot down when they approach a good carrier air group or its equivalent, but they do get off the information.

The object of the blow at Wake and the Bonins was thus apparently to put out the eyes of these Jap outposts for a period of days. During that time American surface units could move from our new bases in the Mariannas in any direction they chose, with a reason-



New American Bases

Shown here are the new American bases in the Mariannas and their relation to Japan. The Japanese-held Bonins, with Marcus and Wake, constitute a series of outposts from which planes and submarines can operate to keep an eye on any unusual ship movements around our recently acquired bases at Guam and Saipan. Last week's impressive series of air and surface blows at the Bonin Islands was apparently directed toward blinding these outposts.

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able certainty that the Japs would not know where they were bound. As a matter of fact, they seem to have been bound for Palau this time—the dispatches would indicate that we had battleships in action there, though this is not certain. The whole operation, then, was something in the nature of an experiment—to see whether the Japanese scouting system could be so disabled that a blow struck shortly afterwards would come as a surprise. Palau was presumably selected as the target because it will have to be a target some time, if MacArthur is ever to return to the Philippines, and the going over it received may make it possible for him to jump directly from New Guinea to Mindanao.

Byrnes's Answer to Dewey

Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes has answered Mr. Dewey's charge that the administration expects a return to unemployment after the war by issuing an optimistic statement. While Mr. Byrnes's plan ought to satisfy Mr. Dewey, it is bound to arouse fears in serious students of the subject that the administration is not sufficiently afraid of the consequences of demobilization, unless major policies are adopted to meet it.

Mr. Byrnes for instance specifically withdraws the hope that government plants will continue to be operated if private buyers do not appear for them. We are far from believing that all such plants should continue in production, but there ought to be some assurance that a full-employment economy will be sought and monopoly restrictions on price and output prevented. Likewise Mr. Byrnes's recommendation for state liberalization of unemployment insurance is likely to come to little, and is a poor substitute for federalization of the system, which labor favors.

Other details of his proposals will be helpful, such as a return to the 40-hour week and provisions for programming of reconversion in specific industries where cutbacks are imminent. More doubtful is support of farm prices at their present high levels, which will be above the world markets, by export subsidies. What is most lacking is any over-all conception of the problem, which would lead to a tentative national production program for peace and to the outlining of a correct fiscal policy.

Queer Doings in the Luce Press

Just what is happening to Henry Luce? Within the past few weeks, several extraordinary articles have appeared in his papers. One of them, an editorial in Life, viciously attacked the CIO-PAC, saying it was engaged in an effort to "crush the individual's free political decision by the momentum of anonymous mass organization." The editorial repeated the false charge that the PAC is Communist-controlled, and accused it of trying to "Balkanize" the United States. In a recent article in PM, Kenneth Stewart said that this Life editorial was written by Willi Schlamm, an Austrian ex-Communist, who has obtained great influence over Luce.

Next came the article by William C. Bullitt, purporting to give the views of the Pope but actually duplicating the official German propaganda line, saying that Russian bolshevism is the one great enemy of Western European civilization, and calling for a Christian crusade against communism. Small wonder that the German radio pounced gleefully on Bullitt's article and began broadcasting it with approval. A week later, Time followed suit with an extraordinarily laudatory article about the Pope, drawing a comparison favorable to his religious belief and unfavorable to supposedly atheistic Russia. A little earlier, Life had published in a single issue two articles about Poland, both highly critical of the Soviet Union in regard to the Polish question. Undoubtedly the Soviet Union deserves criticism, but these articles supported, inferentially, the intransigent and often utterly unreasonable chauvinism of the Polish Government-in-Exile in London. Mr. Luce, in short, seems to be lending himself to just the campaign for which Hitler has been hoping—a campaign to split the Allies in the hour of victory and thus help the Nazis to escape retribution.

Flirting with the German Catholics?

Robert Murphy, who has recently been appointed, over the outraged protests of American liberals, as political adviser to the forces which are to occupy Germany, is a Roman Catholic. So is former Chancellor Bruening, now at Harvard University, who is extremely close to the American State Department, and has often been suggested for the role of a Darlan or a Badoglio in the Reich after Hitler's defeat. Remembering these facts, it is interesting to see in a recent editorial in The New World, official weekly of the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, a strong hint that the Allies should build the new Germany around the Catholic Church. The editorial calls for the Allies "to discover genuinely good elements within the Reich" and observes that such men are to be found "in the Christian camps." Like Mr. Bullitt, this paper fears communism in Western Europe, and thinks England and the United States must hurry if they are not to be "badly beaten to the punch." It opposes unconditional surrender.

Quite possibly Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill may be thinking along the same lines. Neither of them has shown any intention of permitting the revolutionary impulse now so widespread in Western Europe to be fulfilled. The Catholic Church resisted Hitler more firmly than almost any other important element in Germany, and is certainly as anti-Russian as any conservative could wish. While the Catholics should, of course, participate in any new government, if the Allied leaders intend to set up a reactionary government built about the Church, it should be

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fiercely resisted. We can think of few better ways to guarantee an early Third World War.

Security Agreement

If the Big Three reach an agreement at Dumbarton Oaks, and if China, as is likely, assents to their conclusions, the outcome should be welcomed, but will offer no occasion for riotous celebration. Our belief is that no matter what the details of the plan which the chief military powers support, it is better that they should agree than that they should disagree. As long as they stick together there is little chance of a new world war; if they drift apart, a new war is almost inevitable. Anyone who rests his hope, for equality of treatment of the small nations or for a check to imperialism, on rifts among the great nations is relying on a renewal of the old disastrous game of the balance of power. We have no choice at present, if what we seek is peace, except a concert of power.

Lack of enthusiasm for the outcome rests upon the belief that while provisions for military sanctions are necessary, they are far from being the whole story. Whether or not the peoples of the world are to be exploited for the benefit of the strong depends, not on the particular scheme adopted at Dumbarton Oaks, but on the economic policies of the Big Four, both domestically and internationally. If they set out to expand employment, production and consumption both at home and abroad, and if they utilize the governmental powers necessary to accomplish this, resort to sanctions will probably never be necessary, they can get along tolerably well with one another, and a world economy can grow which will knit the peoples together. If they do not, no agreement on military security would be worth the paper it was written on. For this reason we should deplore a heated controversy about the results of Dumbarton Oaks, for it would distract attention from the main issue. We should rather have the nations and the peoples say "All right, now that's out of the way, let's get on with our job."

The CED Tax Plan

The Committee for Economic Development has produced a plan for postwar taxes which confirms its reputation for being somewhat more progressive than business organizations like the National Association of Manufacturers or the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It adheres to the sound principle of relying mainly on a graduated income tax for revenue, opposes sales and other regressive taxes (weighing equally on the poor and the rich) and calls for repeal of existing excise taxes except those on tobacco, liquor and possibly gasoline. As to corporation taxes, it wants the rate on profits reduced to the same level as the normal rate on individual incomes: this it calls a "withholding tax" on dividends. Individual dividend-receivers would be permitted to deduct from their personal returns the amounts thus paid, but would be liable for surtaxes on dividend income. This would avoid double taxation on dividends, and might provide corporations a greater incentive for new investment. A particularly welcome proposal to authors, artists, professional men and small business is one which would allow extraordinary gains in a single year to be averaged over a longer period.

Two features of the plan may lay it open to criticism from progressives. One is its declaration for balancing the budget and reducing the federal debt. It must be noted, however, that the taxes actually proposed by the CED would produce a surplus only with a national income as high as $140 billion (at 1943 prices), and such an income is regarded by the CED as sufficient to ensure a high level of employment. It is probable that their estimate of the necessary income is too low, but at any rate they do not advocate budget-balancing when employment is not high. This certainly implies, though it does not state, a readiness to accept a compensatory fiscal policy.

The other dubious feature is the manner in which the proposed reduction in personal income taxes is distributed among the various brackets. A declared intention is to relieve the higher incomes in order to encourage the investment of "venture capital." It will be argued that this incentive is less necessary to full production than an increase of purchasing power in the low-income brackets, which will maintain the demand for goods. The CED has not overlooked this argument, however, since it has proposed some tax relief for the lower brackets as well. Whether it has gone far enough in this direction may be questioned. Certainly more relief could be provided if a higher national income were taken as the goal.

De Gaulle and His Critics

Now that General de Gaulle has disproved, by revamping his government with the inclusion of eight resistance leaders, the dictatorial aspirations ascribed to him by his critics, the latter suddenly find fault with what they originally advocated. Hiding behind the anonymous "there is some criticism" formula, Harold Callender writes, in The New York Times of September 11, that the new French government "is too inclusive and will satisfy nobody." Whom does Mr. Callender wish to exclude? In view of the deep factional disputes which characterized French politics before the common tragedy of defeat injected new life into it, General de Gaulle's efforts to unite all anti-fascist groups are highly successful. This does not mean that politics has taken a holiday in France. Recent reports indicate that some of the regional resistance organizations want greater representation and that the Communists are anxious to increase their power. But not until free elections are held will it be possible to know the strength of the various old and new groups.

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Dewey's First Raid

CANDIDATE DEWEY has made his first bombing raid over the administration's positions, with the Philadelphia speech on domestic affairs and the Louisville speech on foreign affairs. How heavy were the bombs he dropped, and how much damage did they do?

The essence of the first speech was that his opponent was responsible for prolonging the great depression beyond its natural term, that he was defeatist about the economic future of the United States and feared a return to depression after the war, that he was an inefficient administrator who, when one scheme or bureau failed, piled another on top of it, who allowed quarrels to continue even in the most important agencies, as for instance in the recent War Production Board bickering about reconversion.

The second speech was an obvious attempt to lay the ghost of isolationism which has haunted Dewey for so long and to prove that there was nothing to choose between himself and his opponent on the question of winning the war decisively and setting up an international security organization. The plans for the future peace outlined by Mr. Dewey (probably drafted for him by Mr. John Foster Dulles) show no discernible difference from what would probably be said by a spokesman of the administration on the subject. Since no administration spokesman has yet been so specific, at least publicly, on a number of the points covered, however, it puts Mr. Dewey in a position where he can claim credit for having given a lead. Beyond this, Mr. Dewey returned to his main Philadelphia theme, adroitly connecting it with the future of peace. If we are to wage peace successfully, we must believe in our own future and win international respect, instead of regarding Uncle Sam as a superannuated old gentleman who can win favors by giving his riches away through a sort of international WPA.

It must be admitted that Mr. Dewey in these two speeches has aimed his bombsight at some of the most vulnerable spots in the defenses of the administration. The best friends of the New Deal, including The New Republic, have in the past criticized the President on many of the same grounds. It is true that in the latter years of his administration he was not energetic and skillful enough in restoring full employment. It is true that he has been inexpert and indecisive in mobilizing about common purposes the activities of numerous governmental agencies, and has allowed quarrels among his subordinates to continue when they should have been ended by clearer definition of policies and delegation of authority. Though we do not for a moment believe that the President expects to buy foreign favor by an international WPA, except in so far as immediate postwar relief is necessary, he has left the way open for such charges by failure to pay sufficient attention to postwar economic planning, and by failure to educate the public on the problems involved. It is fair to say that Mr. Roosevelt has invited the kind of attack which Mr. Dewey has delivered, and that Mr. Dewey has exhibited political shrewdness in seizing the opportunity.

But this is far from the whole story. We must go on to inquire what are the alternatives offered by the Republican candidate. It is a justifiable inference that if it had been Mr. Dewey's opportunity to end the great depression, he would have tried to do so in accordance with the doctrines favored by his party. In other words, he would have spent and borrowed less, put an end to governmental intervention and relied on private enterprise to do the job. But it is just because Mr. Roosevelt made so many compromises with the conservatives urging this course, and veered so far toward it, that he failed to make more progress than he did. By his inability to adopt and execute a systematic and effective plan, he gave his enemies the opportunity to blame him for a result for which they were largely responsible, a result which was after all better than anything they would have been likely to achieve.

It is possible that Mr. Dewey would be able to mobilize a smoothly operating governmental machine and to end quarrels within it promptly. But what would be the objectives of this machine, and how would the quarrels be ended? It is scarcely credible that he would have favored Vice President Wallace over Mr. Jesse

Yardley in The Baltimore Sun

Ride of the Valkyries

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Jones—or a Republican counterpart. Nor is it likely that he would have squelched General Somervell on the reconversion issue, or that he would have backed Mr. Nelson against Mr. Wilson. On the contrary, it is unlikely that either Mr. Wallace or Mr. Nelson would ever have had the opportunity to move in a progressive direction, because neither they nor men like them would have had any power at all in Mr. Dewey's administration.

From this point of view the reference to an international WPA is particularly alarming. It does not really mean that Mr. Dewey fears that Mr. Roosevelt, if elected, will take milk away from American babies to give to the Hottentots. What it probably does mean is that Mr. Dewey, like American bankers, will oppose the recommendations of the Bretton Woods conference because they fear this country may have to extend loans or export gold in order to assist in stabilizing international exchange, and because they do not want an international investment agency. It portends an economic isolationism which would dig a chasm between this country and Great Britain and do more to promote future wars than Dumbarton Oaks ever could do to prevent them.

We are entitled to address a few questions to Mr. Dewey. If you do not like the policies of this administration, what do you propose? Do you not also fear a postwar depression unless something is done to prevent it besides proclaiming faith in private enterprise and the American Future? What is your fiscal policy? What is your postwar economic program to maintain full employment? What international measures will you take to wage peace, after the war is over and the war settlement is made?

Out of the Army

THE ARMY'S PLAN for demobilization of the troops has several things in its favor. For one thing, the soldiers themselves have indicated that this is what they want. For another, it will be based on the definite situation of each man and will thus avoid the completely haphazard actions after the last war. A point system will be set up, and men will be scored according to the number and relationship of their dependents, length of service in the army, length of service overseas, and combat duty. The men with the highest scores will be released first, and so on.

One desirable factor has been omitted, perhaps from necessity. It would be useful if men could be released in accordance with their economic situation, sending out first those in key jobs in industry, who can create maximum employment, next those who have guaranteed positions waiting for them, and lastly those who will need to look for jobs. We can well understand, however, how the army may have shrunk from the necessity of making subjective judgments in regard to millions of individuals. The facts it is using are those that can be recorded statistically, whereas a man's exact degree of usefulness in industry is something about which you must guess, and may guess wrong. Demobilization will take a long time, unless Japan gives up much sooner than now seems probable. During the process there will be time to correct mistakes.

Governor Dewey was most unfortunate in the timing of his weird charge that the Democratic administration is afraid to demobilize the army lest its members find themselves unemployed. He made his speech in the evening of the very day on which the army plan was announced. If he had been more adroit, he would have changed the speech, but the elaborate machinery of his publicity mechanism probably had him in its grip. As our Washington correspondent points out, Mr. Dewey apparently did not even know that General Hershey, whom he quoted as his authority, is a Republican. It is hard to believe he was ignorant of the fact that the New Dealers in Congress recently introduced a bill for prompt demobilization, and that the Republicans voted it down, substituting their own measure, which is far less definite on this important point.

As for Mr. Dewey's suggestion that the policing of Germany and Japan should be left only to those soldiers who volunteered for the duty, it seems reckless in the extreme. At the end of a war, the first thought of every man in uniform is to get out of it. The chances are a hundred to one that there wouldn't be enough volunteers to keep either Germany or Japan in check. The suggestion looks very much like a piece of campaign bunk, making promises which the candidate himself knows cannot be fulfilled. On this whole subject of demobilization, Mr. Dewey is either painfully ignorant of what is going on or is cynically distorting the record in the belief that he can get away with it because the public memory is so short. One hardly knows which explanation does him less credit.

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How American Is the Legion?

THE AMERICAN LEGION, calling itself a two-war organization and with nearly 500,000 sons and daughters of Legionnaires in the services, is making a drive for the veterans of World War II. The Legion Convention at Kansas City in 1942, the first wartime meeting of the Legion, voted to open its ranks to soldiers discharged from the present war, and the following year appropriated a quarter of a million dollars for a vigorous campaign for enrolments.

Already, it is announced, 22,000 veterans a month are joining—30 percent of those discharged by the military. That percentage is expected to rise, but even if it does not, the present membership of 1,300,000, the Legion estimates, will mount to 6,000,000 or more when the war is over. Though the Legion's constitution bars endorsement of candidates for political office, the organization in the past has played an active and influential role in national affairs, and with the present membership so greatly expanded, the Legion will constitute the nation's greatest single political force, and by far the most powerful pressure group in the United States.

The Legion has always insisted that it is non-political and non-partisan, standing solely for good citizenship, law and order and "pure" Americanism. The preamble to its constitution asserts:

> For God and country, we associate ourselves for the following purposes: to uphold the Constitution of the United States; to maintain law and order . . . to make right the master of might; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice and freedom and democracy.

These are the principles of all good Americans. But the truth is that since its inception the Legion has acted contrary to these professions. Its leadership has promoted repressive legislation in conflict with the Bill of Rights, has allowed the Legion to be used by big employers to break strikes and crush labor unions, has permitted Legion posts, unrebuked, to deny free speech and free assembly to those whose views they disapproved, and has condoned acts of lawlessness and violence by Legionnaires against those they opposed.

Legion officials contend that the Legion cannot be held responsible for the misuse of its name by individual Legionnaires or groups of Legionnaires, but the Legion must accept responsibility for these acts. The National Executive Committee has the express power, under Article XI of the Legion's constitution, to suspend any department which fails "adequately to discipline any of its posts." Though the committee has never used its power to suspend or expel a member or a post for breaking up meetings or attacking persons, it has disciplined posts for action contrary to its national policies. The Willard Straight Post, New York City, for example, was expelled from the Legion for opposing the bonus, and it required a court order to get reinstatement. The Thomas Jefferson Post at Detroit was expelled for its stand on peace, and the Americanism Committee of the New York County posts of the Legion was severely taken to task for sponsoring a pamphlet entitled "Americanism: What Is It?" in which the definition of Americanism was based on the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights!

There is, on the other hand, no record of Legion officials rebuking any post or individual Legionnaire engaged in anti-democratic or anti-labor activities. On the contrary, many of the Legion's officials have publicly approved acts of repression and lawlessness, and the Legion must be judged by these statements and by its failure to punish those responsible for the acts.

Organized by bankers, big-business men and military officers of high rank after World War I, the Legion was created in the hope that it would serve to offset "radicalism." The rank-and-file members believed they were associating to help themselves and other veterans, but during the years they have had little or no influence in the organization. Though democratically charted by its constitution, the Legion actually is run from the top not from the bottom. Delegates to Legion conventions merely rubber-stamp the resolutions and other business determined in advance by its leaders. Policies are made by the entrenched minority, the King Makers they are called, and steamrollered through the conventions without much discussion.

Local posts of the Legion, numbering about 11,000, are grouped into departments, one for each state. These departments send delegates to the national convention which passes the resolutions concerning national policies. The National Executive Committee, made up of representatives from each department, subsequently considers these resolutions and determines which it will discard. According to Professor A. R. King of Cornell, an active member of the Legion, the business session on the final day of the convention is opened by a skeleton group of officials and aggressive leaders and those delegates who "have recovered enough from their three-day jag to drag themselves to the hall. . . . Resolutions . . . are droned off and passed with ringing flourish, and legislative agents hie off to deliver the total influence of the Legion on measures which have never been submitted for debate or study to any Legion post, and whose implications are understood by very few of the comrades."

The membership of the Legion is not, as is generally presumed, a cross-section of American society, but is drawn almost exclusively from the middle class—small

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merchants, farmers and professional people. "The ideology of the American Legion," Dr. William Gellermann points out in his study, "The American Legion as Educator," "represents in somewhat exaggerated form the ideology of the American middle class." This middle-class ideology has been used by the leadership effectively to bolster up their own class interest—the preservation of the status quo. Legionnaires have been regimented thus without really being aware of it.

The Legion's leadership over the years, with rare exceptions, has been reactionary. Its national commanders have been ex-army officers, either themselves wealthy or in the employ of large corporations. The first National Commander, Franklin D'Olier, was "chief of staff" of a $3-billion insurance company, a director of four banks, one of which was the largest in the country. The second Commander, Frederic W. Galbraith, was a director in several big corporations. Hanford MacNider, the third National Commander, was chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Mason City, Iowa, and one of the richest men in that state. Another Commander, Louis A. Johnson, was director and counsel of four large banks. Frank N. Belgrano Jr., National Commander in 1935, was vice-president of the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association and director of three large insurance companies. Edward Spafford, National Commander in 1927, was decorated by Mussolini with the Order of the Crown of Italy. This partial list indicates the character of the leadership under which the Legion's policies have developed.

Many of the Legion's leaders have shown sympathy for fascism and fascist methods, and Mussolini himself was extremely popular with the Legion. Said National Commander Alvin Owsley in 1923:

> Do not forget that the Fascisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States. . . . If ever needed, the American Legion stands ready to protect the country's institutions and ideals as the Fascisti dealt with obstructionists who menaced Italy.

Greetings from Mussolini were received and read at many of the Legion's annual conventions. In 1930, Mussolini was invited to speak at the Boston Convention, but the invitation was withdrawn when organized labor protested. In 1931, National Commander Ralph T. O'Neill presented to the Fascist Ambassador Giacomo de Martino resolutions of the National Executive Committee of the Legion greeting Mussolini and thanking him for assisting Legion activities in Italy. In 1933, National Vice-Commander William Edward Eastman Jr. visited Mussolini and conferred honorary membership in the Legion upon him—later withdrawn when it was found to be an unconstitutional act.

Though the Legion is on record as opposed to communism, fascism and Nazism alike, its propaganda and activities have been directed almost wholly against communism. Its pamphlet, entitled "Isms," published in 1936 and distributed to every Legion post and auxiliary as well as to schools, universities and libraries, contains 207 pages on communism, and none on Nazism and fascism. The chapter on "Suggestions for Combating Un-American Activities" deals only with communism. (The 1939 Legion Convention endorsed the Dies Committee.)

Homer L. Chaillaux, the Legion's "educator" and chief propagandist, has been one of the nation's worst Red-hunters. Working through the Legion's National Americanism Commission, which he heads, Mr. Chaillaux has conducted a vigorous and well financed campaign against all those he considers "subversive," and has maintained a blacklist of individuals and organizations allegedly Communist or Communist sympathizers, culled chiefly from Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network" (which he sent to all Legion posts). "The office of the National Americanism Commission," Mr. Chaillaux wrote the local posts, "will be pleased to give you what information our files contain on their history" in the event any of the blacklisted announced a meeting in their city. The result was the banning of meetings not only of Communists and trade-unionists but of liberal and progressives of every sort.

At the same time, Chaillaux sent out as lecturers to Legion posts and Legion-sponsored meetings such "patriots" as Harry A. Jung who started as a labor spy, turned anti-Semite, and wound up as Pelley's collaborator; Colonel E. N. Sanctuary, who believed Hitler to be the savior of Christian civilization; Gerald L. K. Smith, (who needs no introduction to New Republic readers) and the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, Fundamentalist minister who preached Hitler's theory that the Jews are the root of all evil. Chaillaux's special endorsement of Winrod's lectures, written officially on Legion stationery, caused considerable embarrassment to the Legion when Winrod released it to the press, but Chaillaux continued as head of the Legion's Americanization work and Winrod continued to use the Legion's endorsement.

Under Chaillaux, the Legion has acted as a self-appointed guardian of Americanism in the schools, seeking to use the classrooms for spreading the Legion's very queer concept of Americanism. Legion influence succeeded in having the United States Bureau of Education, in coöperation with the National Education Association, sponsor National Education Week in the schools with a program prepared by the Legion which contained the following topic: "The Red Flag means death, destruction, anarchy and dictatorship," and suggested "The Red Flag Means Danger" as a slogan for Patriotic Day in the schools.

Teachers' loyalty-oath laws, backed by the Legion with Hearst's support, were enacted by many state legislatures. Legionnaires were responsible for the disgraceful scenes in the Massachusetts legislature when

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leading educators in the state, protesting the passage of such a bill, were howled down at the hearings. Chaillaux used the Legion's influence to intimidate teachers and textbook writers. He exerted pressure for the modification of some books and the banning of others which he considered "objectionable," including the Beards' "United States History"; Carl Becker's "Modern History" and several books by Harold Rugg.

The Legion has a long and unsavory record of anti-labor activities. Legion Posts have formed the backbone of the vigilante movement on a hundred labor fronts. From coast to coast, Legionnaires have always been in readiness "to go to bat" against "subversive strikers." It was Legionnaires who broke the strike and crushed the union of farm workers in Imperial Valley, California. In the great textile strike of 1934, National Commander Edward A. Hays was appealed to by strike leader Francis J. Gorman, vice-president of the United Textile Workers' Union, to "end the coöperation of American Legion groups with strike-breakers." In the coal and steel strikes in western Pennsylvania in 1933 and in the Little Steel strike of 1937, Legionnaires supported open-shop employers against the strikers.

The Americanism of the American Legion must be determined not by the Legion's pronouncements but by its acts. The long record of repressive and violent practices, brought up to date by the Legion's part in the persecution of the Jehovah's Witnesses since 1940, has earned for it the reputation of being the leader in the attacks on civil rights. Before the war, there were signs of a beginning of rank-and-file resistance to the reactionary influences at the top. A number of West Coast Posts opposed Legionnaires acting as strike-breakers; a New York Post ruled that membership in the Communist Party was not sufficient reason for expulsion of a Legionnaire; a Middle Western Post refused to appoint a secret espionage committee, and plans were being made by other Posts to wage a fight to liberalize the organization. There have been, in fact, some signs of liberalism in the national administration itself. The 1943 convention, reversing the Legion's isolationist stand of 1941, booed Champ Clark and cold-shouldered Ham Fish, went on record in favor of an association of free and sovereign nations, backed by whatever force may be necessary to maintain world peace, and elected as National Commander Warren A. Atherton, who favors United States postwar international coöperation.

Will the new veterans now joining the Legion lead the organization toward real Americanism? Will they, fresh from the battles with the forces of fascism, wrest control from the reactionary leadership and set up new values, symbolic of democracy, within the Legion? Or will they, unaware of the Legion's past record, leave things as they are? The answer depends upon the strength of the rival veteran organizations now springing up and upon the labor and liberal groups which have too long left the field solely to reactionaries.

LUCILLE B. MILNER

Addressed to White Liberals

WE ARE FACING a serious racial crisis in our American life today, a crisis that cannot be met in the old way or with the old answers if we are to avoid tragedy. The hopeless believe this tragedy is unavoidable. But those of us who believe in the power of the creative mind, cannot accept such defeatism. We know there is a way out if we can but find it. Many of us are searching for that way, though some still refuse to leave the old path, retracing their steps again and again in circles, as all lost men tend to do.

I believe we can find the way if we are willing to look in a new direction for the source of our trouble. We have looked at the "Negro problem" long enough. Now the time has come for us to right-about-face and study the problem of the white man: the deep-rooted needs that have caused him to seek those strange, regressive satisfactions that are derived from worshiping his own skin-color. The white man himself is one of the world's most urgent problems today; not the Negro, not other colored races. We whites must learn to confess this.

There are many among us who think of segregation as merely a Southern tradition, a Southern "custom" that grew out of poverty, out of certain economic patterns, out of certain racial dilemmas, when in reality segregation is an ancient psychological mechanism used by men the world over whenever they want to shut themselves away from problems which they fear and do not feel they have the strength to solve. When men get into trouble they tend to put barriers between themselves and their difficulties. We white people got into deep trouble long ago when we attempted to enslave other human beings. A trouble we have never faced and never tried with all our strength to solve. Instead, to shut our troubles from us, we have used a mechanism so destructive that it, in itself, has become a menace to the health of our culture and our individual souls. For segregation as a way of life—or shall we say *a way of death*—is cultural schizophrenia, bearing a curious resemblance to the schizophrenia of individual personality. It is chilling to note the paranoid symptoms of those among us who cling to segregation: their violence, their sensitiveness to criticism, their stereotyped defenses, their inability to identify their overesteem of themselves with the emotional needs of others, their reluctance to reach out and accept new ideas, their pro-

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found desire to withdraw from everything hard to face, everything that requires of their personalities further growth.

Those who believe in this philosophy of segregation have chosen the schizophrenic way: withdrawing from reality; and this withdrawal has profoundly affected their minds and emotions.

It is the *effect of segregation* upon the human beings who segregate as well as upon those who are segregated that should concern us all. For we cannot consider racial segregation (and its counterparts, political and economic isolationism) apart from man's whole personality, apart from his whole culture. We cannot separate men's specific needs from the destructive effects of a *way of life* that attempts to withdraw from reality; nor can we meet these specific ends, one by one, first, and then hope that somehow in the shuffle this schizophrenic philosophy of death will change into a philosophy of creative living.

Hard as it is to acknowledge, the simple truth is that the South's and the nation's racial problems cannot be solved by putting a loaf of bread, a book and a ballot in everyone's hand. I am not unsympathetic to those among us who are trying to believe that the loaf, the book, the ballot are all the Negro needs—or wants. I understand the desperate fear that causes certain Negroes to deny their hunger for things that make men human. I understand also the fear in the white man's heart that makes him more willing to work for specific, short-range goals such as the vote, better schools, better jobs for Negroes, than to change his own attitude about himself and his white race.

These fears, these emotional hungers, need to be faced and understood by all of us, though it will not be easy for white or black to face them.

A first step is to acknowledge that man is not an economic or political unit. To pretend that he is, is to ignore personality and cheapen the human spirit. And by ignoring man's psychological needs, by pretending to ourselves that his economic or political status is more important than his personality status, we oversimplify a complex, subtle, tragically profound problem and fail miserably in our efforts to solve it. As we have been failing for almost a century.

We whites cling desperately to the belief that the problem of race relations is the "Negro problem," that it is a matter of economics, that it will take a long time to "educate the Negro." Why? Because we dare not face the fact that race prejudice and the cultural and psychological patterns of segregation which have grown out of the white man's complex feelings about skin color profoundly affect us and our children on every level of our life and culture. We dare not acknowledge and meet in a creative way those emotional needs within our own families that, in a white-supremacy culture, we have been permitted to project upon the Negro, making him our scapegoat, using him as our psychological safety valve. Upon whom can we turn our hate if we no longer can turn it upon him? To whom can we feel superior, if we bring the Negro up to us on a level of human equality? We say it will "take a long time" for the Negro to "get to the place where he is worthy of democracy." Some of us, I fear, hope it will take a long time—*because we do not know what we shall do* with our own fears and hates when we can no longer take them out on the Negro or on some other scapegoat. We hope "it will be a long time" before we have to change our own selves, our attitudes toward sex, our family patterns; before we have to find new outlets for old frustrations, not only economic frustrations but those deeper hungers of our emotional lives that in our culture are too often left unsatisfied. These are complex, difficult problems which must be probed more deeply before we shall fully understand them, and before we can confess their implications for our personal lives.

It is easier, however, to see the immediate effects of racial segregation upon children. We know a child's personality cannot grow and mature without self-esteem, without feelings of security, without faith in the world's willingness to make room for him to live as a human being. Self-esteem and emotional security are to character what vitamins are to the body. No colored child in our country, however protected within the family, is being given today what his personality needs in order to grow and mature fully and richly. No white child, under the segregation pattern, North or South, can be free of arrogance, hardness of heart, blindness to human needs. The bitter and inescapable fact is that our children, white and colored, are growing distorted, twisted personalities within the crippling frame of segregation which we have imposed upon them.

I personally would prefer that my own child do without shoes than that he do without the esteem of his fellows, and I would prefer that he never look into a book than that he look down upon another human being. Of course, I want him to know what is in books, but I want him much more to know what is in men's hearts. This he can never learn unless he looks at them with level eyes. Shoes are important for both white and colored feet—who would deny this! But a child can go barefooted without great harm; he cannot go one day unesteemed by his fellows without deep injury to his personality. Our children, Negro and white, need all of these things, but will probably have little of them as long as we refuse to acknowledge them as human beings in *need of that which makes men human.*

Believing this, I cannot endure the idea so many liberals hold that segregation must change slowly. I believe it can change as rapidly as each of us can change his own heart. I believe it will never change until we look at what it is doing to the personality and

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character of every child, every grown-up, white and colored, in the South today—and to a less bitter degree throughout the country. Segregation is spiritual lynching. The lynched and the lynchers are our own people, ourselves, *our children*.

These are grave matters, troubling matters, which I feel must be faced, analyzed. For problems must be enunciated before we can know clearly what they are. We who do not believe in segregation as a way of life, must say so. We must break the conspiracy of silence which has held us in a grip so strong that it has become a taboo. We must say why segregation is unendurable to the human spirit. We must somehow find the courage to say it aloud. For, however we rationalize our silence, it is fear that is holding our tongues today. A widespread denial of a belief in segregation and all that it implies will shake this way of life to its roots. Each of us in his heart knows this. In the beginning was the Word and today the Word is powerful. To remain silent while the demagogues, the Negro haters, the racists, the mentally ill, loudly reaffirm their faith in segregation and the spiritual lynching which their way of life inflicts, is to be traitorous to everything that is good and creative and sane in human values. I believe the time has come when we must take our stand.

Clayton, Ga. LILLIAN SMITH

Unemployment Ahead

II. *The Coming Economic Crisis*

THE REMARKABLE COMPLACENCY of the Washington expert in the face of impending serious unemployment was discussed in the previous article. Before enlarging on its momentous consequences, we may inquire into the origins of this optimism, shared by neither labor, agriculture nor industry.

Three years ago when I first went down to Washington, everyone was extremely pessimistic. The extreme reluctance of the business community to expand (at the government's expense) plants badly needed for the war indicated pretty clearly who were the real believers in secular stagnation. Pessimism was clearly overdone, and gradually the economist began to marshal the following rays of hope: (1) Even a superficial glance—and they were mostly superficial—at our experience after the last war shows that disaster did not follow upon utterly planless demobilization and production slashes. (2) In this war, as producers' and consumers' durable goods became unavailable, the realization grew that there might come out of the conflict a backlog of deferred demand. (3) Later, increased emphasis was placed upon the financial fact that high war incomes without high levels of civilian goods inevitably meant the piling up of extraordinarily high levels of individual and corporate savings. Whether in the form of cash or bonds, these could provide stimulus after the war. One government statistician, who shall be nameless, actually predicted 40 years—count them!—of uninterrupted prosperity on the basis of this factor alone, and he concluded, logically enough, that postwar planning was not necessary. (4) The Great Depression pretty much gave the lie to the view that a laissez-faire economy *necessarily* produces an even keel of business activity, but the notion still lingered deep in the bosom of many economists. After months and years of wartime prosperity, memories of unemployment faded and the original notion reasserted itself, but with one significant difference. The cry began, "Business enterprise can create its own prosperity," with the appended proviso, "so long as government restores a favorable environment to venture capital, etc., etc." (5) And finally as a last resort, if any lingering doubts remained concerning the inevitability of postwar prosperity, the economist could always draw a blank check upon the wonders of technology which the war would spew forth—television, flivver planes, synthetics, air-conditioning, plastic autos, and so on.

There is a grain of truth in each of these points, and therein lies their danger. For the immediate period ahead, they are less relevant than for the intermediate long run after the shock of demobilization and reconversion has been successfully met. But in any case, no one of them, or all together in any combination quantitatively, can compare with the most striking factor in the present situation, concerning which we have become so jaded as to forget its existence.

Every month, every day, every hour the federal government is pumping millions and billions of dollars into the bloodstream of the American economy. It is as if we were building a TVA every Tuesday. Did I say every Tuesday? Two TVA's every Tuesday would be nearer the truth. We have reached the present high levels of output and employment only by means of $100 billion of government expenditures, of which $50 billion represent deficits. In the usual sense of the word, the present prosperity is "artificial," although no criticism is thereby implied. Any simple statistical calculation will show that the automobile, aircraft, shipbuilding and electronics industries combined, comprising the fields with rosiest postwar prospects, cannot possibly maintain their present level of employment, or one-half, or one-third of it.

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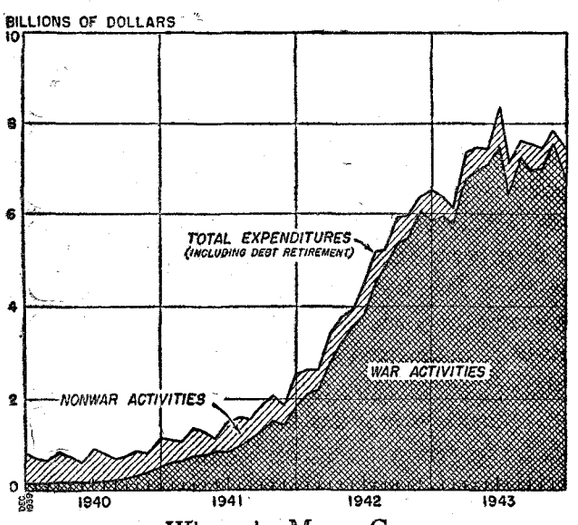
I myself am somewhat apprehensive over the period after reconversion and demobilization. But even if I am wrong, or especially if I am wrong, it is demonstrable that the immediate demobilization period presents a grave challenge to our economy. How well we meet it will not simply determine living standards and unemployment in the next fifteen months. The tone of the whole postwar decade will be crucially conditioned by our degree of success in providing continuity of income and employment in the transition period from war to peace.

To men on the fighting fronts, civilian life must now seem remote. And yet, soon after peace comes, recollections of battle will mercifully fade and in memory the war years will appear as a point of no duration but of infinite intensity. To the civilian population the war period is scarcely more real. Only gradually are we becoming accustomed to a full-employment economy, where effort and skill are needed and sought after. Even more precious than the augmented family weekly takehome, is the enhanced sensation of personal security which a high level of effective demand has created. In the last war, many observers were shocked to hear the frank assertion, "Say what you will, this war has made many a happy home." It is a sad commentary upon our peacetime management that the same feelings should be entertained today by more people than would care to admit it.

But underneath, in the deep recesses of the subconscious, there is uneasiness. Men of all occupations feel that it is the war which has brought transient prosperity. After the war, what? Everywhere we have quit jobs with permanent tenure, have married, have had childen. All of us feel that we are riding a tiger. We push worries about the future out of our minds because there is no use in worrying. In a dim way, we feel that if things get bad enough, the government will have to do something about them, and this is but cold comfort. Despite a superficial veneer of optimism, a great fear stalks the land.



Where the Money Goes

The chart above, whose source is the United States Treasury Department, shows the budgetary war and non-war expenditures of the federal government, revealing the startlingly large proportion of the former.

Since no one quite believes in the great increase in national product during the war, it will be only too easy after the war to become adjusted to a level of income far lower than is within our power to produce. If production is permitted to slump, if economies of large-scale operation are sacrificed, if valuable members are driven out of the labor market against their will, if hours are cut beyond the true preference of workers for leisure over income, the dramatic lesson of the war will be wasted.

I predict that the campaign to debunk wartime increases in production, which is just beginning, will swell into a mighty chorus. We shall be told that war prosperity was an illusion; that we did not produce what we did produce; that even if we did, such output is incommensurable with civilian goods and proves nothing about peacetime real incomes, etc., etc.

There is a small bit of truth in such arguments. Some water is to be found in war-production figures. Our labor force is swollen beyond maintainable standards. But make no mistake about it. Upon any reasonable, conservative reckoning, it is absolutely certain that prior to the war we were underproducing by an amount far greater than anyone realized. This was the tragedy of the thirties, scarcely less terrible than the mass unemployment of the decade: the American economy was frittering away in unemployment, underemployment and disguised unemployment a vast and ever increasing amount of real income.

It would be even more tragic if the truth revealed by the war were to be lost in its aftermath. For we can attain our true potential only by striving after it. There is a growing group who are appalled by this prospect, who are beginning to fear full employment itself. Our greatest immediate postwar need, therefore, is to establish for the record one or two undeniably high *peacetime* years of real income.

If we fail, blood will not run in the streets. We shall not necessarily have fascism or communism. Probably veterans will not sell apples on corners. Corporation profits will not disappear. Hourly wage rates will not be driven down to a subsistence level.

Our system only too easily adapts itself to unemployment. Technology is so improved that unless we mismanage our economy completely, we shall still have more real income than before the war, and more real consumption than during the war. But to live up to our technological potential, to provide full opportunities for employment, to create a measure of personal security, we must go more than 50 percent beyond highest prewar levels. We must see that any relaxation from peak war output is simply that, and not a vicious, cumulative, spiral of unemployment. If

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we do not succeed in this, it will be bad economics. To let the war years remain in popular memory as a kind of utopia would be equally bad politics and morality.

I shall not attempt here to answer in detail the inevitable question, "What to do about it?" Fear has a beneficial as well as a harmful effect upon action. Let the people and policy-makers become cognizant of the grave situation ahead. Let them worry about it sufficiently to become motivated to act. Let them proceed in a common-sense way from their own diagnosis of the origins of wartime prosperity. Let them disregard the shibboleths, inconsistencies and confusions of so-called orthodox finance. Let them do these things, and they will not need the advice of high-powered theory or statistics to determine in which direction correct policy lies.

Economically, the war did not begin with Pearl Harbor. Nor will it end with the defeat of Japan. Our economic system is living on a rich diet of government spending. It will be found cheaper in the long run, and infinitely preferable in human terms, to wean it gradually. *In no six-month period should the cuts in government expenditure run ahead of civilian expansion by more than $10 billion.*

Today one often hears that private industry should be given a chance to carry the ball; if it fails, the government should step in. This is a dangerous gamble, as unfair to private enterprise as to the nation at large. A better analogy from the world of sport would be passing the baton in a relay race. The receiver must acquire almost the same momentum as the passer before the transfer is made. Otherwise, the pace is lost and the stick may be fumbled. Until civilian production is in a position to expand, the government must be moderate in its slashes.

This means we must embark upon a substantial program of income maintenance via welfare payments, social security, etc. We must exercise the greatest ingenuity in overcoming the technical delays to reconversion along with effective prosecution of the war. We must be planning more on a state and national scale for a vast expansion of useful public construction, for its own sake, and for maintenance of income and employment. We must correctly appraise the true social costs to ourselves of loans, gifts and relief activities abroad, and decide what we can afford. We must repeal regressive taxes which curtail consumption.

Most important of all is the need to recognize the "spotty" character of the period ahead. *We shall have incipient inflationary gaps alongside deflationary gaps, labor-market dislocations and unemployment.* Every vitally important governmental policy will *somewhere* add to inflationary pressure, just as will every expansion of civilian investment and consumption. By unwinding direct controls gradually, we can hope to avoid the worst of both worlds of inflation and deflation, but not otherwise.

None of these is a difficult matter, but each one requires more than a policy of muddling through. For better or worse, the government under any party will have to undertake extensive action in the years ahead. Simply to pile up more obsolete munitions as a boondoggling device to avoid unemployment would indeed be counsel of despair—bad politics, bad morals, bad social accounting. But to let a major slump develop through inaction—that would be counsel of disaster.

PAUL A. SAMUELSON

Is Hitler Youth Curable?

A violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth—that is what I am after. . . . I want to see in its eyes the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey. I will have no intellectual training. Knowledge is ruin to my young men.

THESE are Hitler's own words. And his Minister of Education, Bernhard Rust, said the same thing with commendable brevity: "The whole function of all education is to create a Nazi."

This has been accomplished by the Nazi regime. However, to say that this is due to something inherent in the German character is silly—or worse, an inverted Goebbelism. Actually, the "conquest of youth"—the favorite fascist terminology—has been accomplished by every totalitarian regime, thanks to its deliberately puerile ideology and its methodical disruption of family life. In Germany in 1932, the Hitler Jugend had only 50,000 members out of 5 millions organized in various groupings of the Jugendbewegung, the German youth movement. The Jugendbewegung was "coordinated" when the regime came to power; but after trying "voluntary" enrolment for three years, the Nazis were forced to make membership in the Hitler Jugend compulsory. This fact, along with other evidence, proves that there was some youth resistance to Hitler at the start. There is some now, and it is growing. Yet the fact remains—and we ignore it at our peril—that the majority of German youth has been Nazified.

The results have been apparent for more than eleven years. They were seen first in the German concentration camps, where the guards were handpicked and methodically brutalized youngsters; then, at the front and in the occupied territories, even worse products appeared: SS youngsters shrieking with hysterical laughter during the execution of civilians; young officers hanging kittens from toy gallows when there were

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no more Russians left to be hanged. Similar instances occurred in France and in Italy. A British soldier, incredulous at first, wrote home from Italy: "It is not even organized terrorism, but cruelty and bestiality practised for its own sake, the worst offenders being German boys between the ages of 16 and 18."

Along with such appalling moral depravity we have an intellectual decline which seems unbelievable, when we remember that little over a decade ago Germany was rightly renowned for her high standard of learning. On this painful subject even the Goebbels-controlled press is allowed to let off steam from time to time. The Hamburger Tageblatt of February 11, 1941, says:

> . . . Apprentices not only seem unable to spell properly, but also fall far below the old standards in arithmetic. At a recent examination for 179 apprentices, 94 spelled names without capital letters, and 81 misspelled Goethe's name [in 17 different ways].

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung of the same day says: "According to the Stuttgart Chamber of Commerce, candidates for shortened training courses 'displayed a very poor grounding in reading, writing and arithmetic'."

Significant, too, are these results of an interrogation of prisoners at the Russian front:

Age	*Occupation*	*Who was Goethe?*	*Who was the last German Emperor?*	*Who was Beethoven?*	*What happened in 1789?*	*Who is the greatest German writer?*
18	Stormtrooper	Don't know	Franz Joseph	Never heard of him	Capture of Paris	Kolbenheyer
21	Photographer	Don't know	William the Great	Famous pianist	Don't know	Hitler
18	Stormtrooper	German leader	Ludwig	German pioneer	Germany dismembered by the French	Hitler
19	Cellulose worker	Statesman	Frederick the Great	Radio conductor	Great war	Hoffmann
18	Party official	Playwright	Don't know	Radio composer	Nothing important	Rosenberg
37	Gardener	Friend of Schiller's	Wilhelm II	Famous composer	European uprising	Schiller
26	Borough clerk	Nazi politician	Wilhelm I	Don't know	Don't know	Hitler
19	Clerk	Editor	Hindenburg	Prussian musician	Don't know	Hitler and Goebbels
24	Engineer	Ball-bearings manufacturer	Some Wilhelm	Don't know	Don't know	Hess
21	Clerk	Gauleiter	Don't know	Philosopher	End of Middle Ages	Hitler

The only prisoner who gave more or less correct answers was the 37-year-old gardener, who must have finished his schooling before the advent of the regime.

The same Hitler who once said, "I am liberating man from the degrading chimera known as conscience," has expressed his "educational" principles time and again, though hardly ever so precisely as in his speech of May 1, 1937:

> We still have among us old-fashioned people who are not fit for anything. They get in our way like cats and dogs. But this does not worry us. *We will take away their children.* We will not permit them to lapse into the old way of thinking. We will take them away when they are ten years old and bring them up in the spirit of nationalism until they are eighteen. They shall not escape us. They will join the Party, the SA, the SS and other formations. Later on they will do two years of military service. Who shall dare say that such a training will not produce a nation!

Such training did produce a generation of rowdyish, morally and mentally deficient robot-gangsters; it did produce youngsters so steeped in Nazi "racial" megalomania that, in captivity, they would die rather than allow a blood transfusion if they could not be sure of the "Nordic" qualities of the donor's bloodstream; it did produce youngsters who, in captivity, would admit: "I saw women and children killed, but I did not pay any attention to it; I have no opinion, I obey"; it did produce, even before the war, an appalling state of moral depravity among the boys and girls of the Hitler Youth: innumerable cases of pregnancy and abortions among girls of 14 and 15, and complete licentiousness and every kind of sex perversion among the boys.

For some time now, the Nazi leaders themselves have been worried by the "educational" results for which they alone are responsible, and they have tried to cope with the situation in their own way—by even more drastic regimentation and by legalizing the severest punishments, including the death penalty, for juveniles.

Apart from extreme cases—numerous enough—of youngsters running completely wild, if we wish to get an idea of the psychological traits of the average German youth of these days, here is a most informative report from a Swiss observer who spent most of 1943 in Germany:

> An acquired military rigidity together with a quivering nervousness can be traced in the features of the 10 to 18-year-olds. Bright laughter side by side with a desperate seriousness, and a self-assured, grown-up manner alternating with childish and uncontrollable behavior. Here there is heroism, but at the same time unbearable megalomania; here there is fulfilment of duty, but also unrestrained and neglected rowdyism.

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No less significant is the following remark by the same observer:

A German teacher once asked me: "Why do we conquer such distant foreign lands if, in so doing, we must leave untilled the fields of our own children's souls which lie close at hand? Why do we want to educate other peoples and races while in the meantime our own flesh and blood runs wild through lack of education?"

Why indeed? It might be expected that this type of teacher would know the answer: that no real education of German youth can even begin until the Nazi regime and all it stands for—and all it was backed up by—has been utterly smashed and uprooted. It might also be expected that this particular teacher, unless he has been killed by the Gestapo, would be one of those few now allowed to teach in Germany, who should be eligible to give a hand in that most responsible of the tasks facing postwar Germany—the reëducation of German youth.

There are those who say that to make human beings out of this utterly corrupt generation of German youth is an impossible task. It is not impossible, but it will be very difficult, and it will take years of patient and careful work. It is *a task that can be usefully undertaken by Germans only*, and the fact that for at least four or five years there will be a crucial shortage of reliable teachers will be only one of many aggravating problems.

Among the present-day youth of Germany there will be incurables. Those of them who survive the war—and its aftermath within Germany—will probably have to be killed. A youngster who has thrown a wailing baby at the wall, so as not to be disturbed in his sleep, has no right to live, not even in an asylum. Those guilty of such crimes are not few in number, but even so, they are still a minority.

At the other extreme are the type of young people of Hans and Sophie Scholl and other university students, who faced the Gestapo's firing squads as bravely as they had lived their short lives; and a good many other youngsters, students and working class alike, whose character and common sense could not be twisted by all the Nazi propaganda so ceaselessly drummed into them. It is from their ranks that the future leaders of Germany will come, and what they have done and are doing are among the few things a German can even now be proud of. Yet they too are a small majority.

Most of the rest, between these extremes, can and will be cured. What they need first of all is hard knocks and stark disillusionment. They have been getting this in growing doses ever since Stalingrad, they are getting it now, and they will get more of it before they are through. But for some of them it will be necessary, even after the regime's complete military defeat, to continue debunking and deglamorizing their erstwhile idols, so as to root out every vestige of the pernicious creed instilled in them.

As to the more difficult question—with what and how to fill the vacuum thus created—lack of space forbids going into this complex problem in detail, nor is it necessary, since the fundamental point has been summed up quite briefly by a young German teacher who interrupted a discussion on such technical problems as that of entirely new sets of textbooks for the Germans, to say: "Never mind textbooks, the first job will be to teach those youngsters how to love!" This is it. Love of one's parents and friends, love of nature, love of music, love of a good book, all the elementary decencies of ordinary everyday life, will have to be instilled or rekindled in those youngsters first. Love is one of the two faculties Hitler has deliberately destroyed in his Nazis, the other one being the urge and ability to think independently, to ponder and argue rather than to listen and obey. This second faculty will have to be rekindled too.

There is one more fundamental point: Reëducation is not something to be started on the Monday morning after the armistice; it is well under way now and has been increasingly so ever since Stalingrad, where a long course of grim but wholesome disillusionment was started. By now there should be few Germans, young or old, who have not been affected by such potent object-lessons. But some are still more or less immune: young soldiers captured in the West when things were still going well for the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe. It is probably no exaggeration to say that, at present, the only specimens of unrepentant, unmitigated Nazidom which still exist are to be found in British and American prison camps—the result of an all too painstakingly faithful compliance with the Hague Convention (forbidding "propaganda" in PW camps)—that many of these youngsters, for years now, have been subjected to no other influence than that of their own thoroughly Nazi camp commanders. It is not pleasant to envisage scores of thousands of these unconverted prisoners let loose on postwar Germany.

London HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Interlude

Accordion music meanders the pathless woods
From the hidden cabin like one lost, half sorry
To find his way home at last. Coolly the sun,
With wind for helper, teaches the young forest
Counterpoint of shadow. No sound when the music ceases
But a grasshopper briefly lifting his legs from a bleached
Log, like an infinitesimal buzz-saw.
The wasps in their tiger-vests weave through the silence
That is veined by the voice of a bird.
Sky is bluer than a Persian tile
Framed in a mosque of leaves. Here how all praises
The passing summer, all but the heart that hears
The seep of sunbright moments as they slowly
Bleed away, even while the eyes find solace
Stayed by one towering dark symbolic cedar.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

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Washington Notes

Moral Embargoes v. Business-as-Usual

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is up at Quebec with Winston Churchill, while Governor Dewey is rampaging round the country. This, of course, is pretty unfair of the President. It is all part of his general lack of sportsmanship in continuing as Commander-in-Chief while an election is on. Why doesn't he stop seeing General Marshall, step out of the White House and go get himself a hotel room somewhere? If he isn't careful, the Republicans will criticize.

Dewey's charge that "the New Deal prepares to keep men in the army because it is afraid of a resumption of its own depression" has caused embarrassed silence among even some of his strongest editorial friends, while The New York Times and The Washington Post have pointed out its absurdity. The man whose statement Dewey quoted to support his charge is Major-General Lewis B. Hershey, one of the few high officers to record his politics in "Who's Who." He's a Republican.

The first sickening account of how Cordell Hull's "moral embargo" on the sale of airplanes and parts to Japan, June 13, 1938, was sabotaged by American firms was released, without comment, by the Justice Department on September 8. It was part of the mimeographed evidence put before the Kilgore Committee by James S. Martin, economic warfare chief, Department of Justice. It named names—some of the biggest corporations in the country. I didn't find a word about it in The New York Times, The Herald Tribune or the press-association dispatches next day.

Part of the evidence is a confidential letter from the New York branch of the Mitsubishi Trading Company, to Tokyo, dated February 10, 1939—eight months after the embargo. The Mitsubishi people in New York told how the big United States firms were helping them. The big firms, you see, were afraid of "unfavorable publicity," and also of "labor difficulties," because (as the communication points out) both the AFL and the CIO opposed shipments to Japan of goods with which to bomb innocent civilians.

The Bethlehem Steel Export Corporation had found a way to circumvent both Mr. Hull and the labor unions, it appears. Airplane orders were to be made on the basis of "part numbers only."

"No reference can be made to the fact that the parts are for aircraft use." The same subterfuge used by Bethlehem, the letter to Tokyo said, could be employed for products of the Canton Drop Forgings Company, and Thompson Products, Inc. But as to the American Hammered Piston Ring Company, "there is no way," Mitsubishi reported, "in which this company can conceal the fact that material furnished is for aircraft purposes, and it is therefore necessary for us to place our orders with their export manager, Mr. P. F. Baillet, personally." The Aluminum Company of America refused to do business, the New York Japs confidentially reported, and would only suggest that Japan buy outright the dies already prepared. But the Ohio Seamless Tube Company, Air Associates and Dzus Fastener Company "will accept our orders without reservations."

To the best of my knowledge this is the first official evidence presented that the Hull appeal against Japan was apparently circumvented. The Justice Department is not going to stress the matter, I understand, first because there is nothing technically illegal in sabotaging your country's interest in peacetime, however some people may feel about it, and second, because apparently it figures, What's the use of rowing with industry now while a war's on? Since our alert newspapers aren't going to bother with it either, I guess we shall just have to leave it to the historians.

On September 5 the first debate over League of Nations No. 2 occurred in the Senate. Isolationist Harlan Bushfield (R) of South Dakota launched a demagogic attack on Dumbarton Oaks. Significantly, Republicans Vandenberg and White supported Democratic leader Tom Connally in reply. Certain things stand out: Up to a point, United States foreign policy is going to be kept out of present political partisanship. Governor Dewey has taken a lead in this, and is to be warmly congratulated. But the limits of nonpartisanship are those vague generalities outlined by Dewey in his Louisville speech. He has not made clear what he means by "use of force," or by "prompt action," which is just what the Senate is arguing. The debate also reveals that the Senate will sooner or later, in some form of treaty or other, have to ratify the Dumbarton Oaks agreement and must do so under its almost insuperable constitutional treaty hurdle, requiring a two-thirds majority. Mr. Bushfield was promised as much in the debate. The other point is that isolationists are getting their lines ready now in the Senate. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire has spoken, so has Bushfield, so has "Curly" Brooks of Illinois. They are all Republicans. But there are isolationists Wheeler and McCarran (if he is returned) and Walsh of Massachusettts on the Democratic side. League fight No. 2 may be nonpartisan in one sense, but it will be a fight, and like No. 1 it will be based on whittling reservations, not on frontal assault.

Notes: The most constantly tempted man in Washington, I believe, is General George C. Marshall: military, industrial and political sycophants vainly seek his aid hourly in their rivalries. Marshall has devoted himself selflessly to the war effort, his nonpolitical collaboration with Roosevelt honors them both. . . . There are rumors that Americans are buying shares of German corporations through Switzerland: Germans hope thus to keep postwar properties intact. . . . Virginia is likely to be the next state to lift the poll tax. . . . Louis Bromfield at Lucas, Ohio, on September 8: "If Mr. Roosevelt is elected again we shall have a paralyzed and impotent government"; Louis Bromfield in August, 1943, Reader's Digest: "If it were possible I would rather not think about next February. By then most of our people will be living on a diet well below the nutrition level." Ho-hum. . . . Press Research, Inc., reports America's editorial pages 60 percent for Dewey, 26 percent for Roosevelt, 14 percent undecided. Washington correspondents seem increasingly inclined to think FDR will win, with German preëlection capitulation the Great Enigma.

Washington T. R. B.

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Against the Grain

IN "YOUTH RUNS WILD," Producer Val Lewton has succeeded in making a very human, neat examination of wartime juvenile delinquency, without showing any very delinquent children or significant examples of their development, hang-outs or behavior. Two extremely good, likable adolescent sweethearts, played beautifully by Tessa Brind and Glenn Vernon, are used for hero and heroine, and get onto the edges of delinquency partly by accidents, partly because of their own thoughtful concern for each other. Tessa becomes involved with a "bad" girl (Bonita Granville), who really has the soul of a Marie Dressler type—incidentally, the least convincing character in the picture—and wisely takes her advice and leaves her parents, who have no parental drive and aren't home much of the time anyway. She probably wouldn't have done this if the boy's parents hadn't idiotically stopped him from seeing her. The boy is caught by the police half-heartedly trying to make some money stealing tires in a parking lot; then he is caught again in a night-club brawl trying to get in to see his girl, who has become a hostess there. The boy's sister and brother-in-law, who have already started a day-nursery for war workers' children and made many fine suggestions on child guidance and civic duty in wartime, take the girl into their home and make another wholesome suggestion: the girl should become interested in the kind of work Ruth Clifton (Look magazine, May 16) did in Moline, Illinois, which was to make Moline set up play, study and work centers for its youth.

In this manner, and by the vigilant planting of some hints along the outside of the film, "Youth Runs Wild" manages to touch on an adequate number of causes, centers and cures for delinquency, but it runs somewhat pale. As a picture of child corruption, it probably would have gained energy by projecting the personality of at least one adolescent who had been thoroughly educated on Main Street, night clubs, juke boxes, movies and some degree of prostitution; it could at least have used some unbleached examination of life inside or around some of the above institutions. The hang-outs in "Youth Runs Wild" are rendered with accuracy, but they aren't visited enough.

What is generally too mild and too much like school, would have been more so if it hadn't had Val Lewton's production, which includes some adequate realism and some of the only thoroughly acceptable humanity to be found in movies today. Much of this humanity is the result of screen writing that tries and generally succeeds in having characters react with some degree of interest, good faith and intelligence, and of direction and playing which attempt to express characteristics such as dignity or evil in the actor himself as well as through incident. His pictures show a beautiful eye, memory, and a feeling for gesture and attitude—for instance, for the whole visual vocabulary of a group like his high-school kids: their stance and gestures playing handball, smoking, toward parents, and their ways of showing disrespect and superiority at the movies. The best parts of this film are the conception of the girl's parents (Ben Bard and Elizabeth Dunne), which exhibits a real knowledge of and love for working-class people, and the performance of the girl (Miss Brind) in which she presents a touching portrait of thoroughly sincere, trusting innocence. In it there is childishness, a middle-class character and belief that make the adolescence of a Jennifer Jones seem corny and that of a June Allyson seem like a pampered midget's.

On the basis of his last three movies, of which the two preceding ones were "The Cat People"—my idea of the best Hollywood film in about three years—and "The Curse of the Cat People," I would rate Lewton as the least commercial film maker in Hollywood by about a hundred miles. Whatever spurious device you can think of for making a movie break box-office records you will find least present in these three pictures. Each film had a different director and writing crew, but they look enough alike to make you feel that Lewton controlled the work on all of them. One of their main characteristics is the peculiarly efficient care and good, somewhat pale, sense that moves evenly into every corner of them. They are about the only Hollywood movies in which the writing and direction try to keep in front of rather than behind the audience's intelligence. Also present in all of them is a belief in education (it started in the middle of "The Cat People" when the hero gave a textbook definition of adult love, and has enveloped the two later films), actors who seem to be as serious about their work as the producer, and intelligent realism.

Lewton escapes the corruption of Hollywood by his own integrity and by skillful practicality such as either making horror films or tackling subjects that are unlikely to disturb Hollywood's present idea of what movies can handle, and in staying on the non-volcanic side of their problems and on the mild, conservative side of technique (though this is very promising compared to other native films). Also, he makes small pictures that don't get in the hair of the industry or the audience, and being low-budget jobs, they don't have to bring in enormous returns. In another set-up, I think Lewton would probably make extremely good movies; he may eventually do that even in Hollywood.

MANNY FARBER

Anna Lucasta

Anna Lucasta, by Philip Yordan. Mansfield Theatre, September 3, 1944.

FOR PEOPLE who think that under given circumstances the Negro race is not different from the white, there is a clear enough approach to "Anna Lucasta," the new play performed by an all-Negro company and the first play with which the American Negro Theatre earlier this season claimed public attention. By this approach we may state that this play is less tedious and fatuous than Maxwell Anderson's "Candle in the Wind" and has more narrative suspense, such as it is. It is less vulgarly pretentious than Lillian Hellman's "The Searching Wind." It is less mature than these plays, and without the long theatre experience that underlies them.

As a play, however, "Anna Lucasta" is merely a vacantly written little melodrama about a fallen daughter kicked out on the streets by the harsh father, believed in by her mother, and brought home to be married off to the son of the father's friend, a young man with eight hundred dollars and in need of a wife. At first sight the two fall genu-

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

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inely in love—via a wretched, unconvincing, stock-company scene. There are scenes in a bar, with another street-walker and sailor clients. The snow is falling outside. At the wedding Anna's past is betrayed by her father, she returns to the streets and the sailors, the bar, everything, in sum, and worse. The lover-husband remains constant and at the last snowy curtain the two are reunited.

The performances by the sizable company—most of whom are very nearly white—are no worse than we often see on Broadway. There is no training behind this acting or content about it. And there is the familiar lack of any method for the actor to go by; we have only personal exhibition and surface. With the exception of Mr. Canada Lee, whose part is too poorly written or conceived to give him much chance, there is in fact no acting to speak of at all, and no particular evidence of talent. Miss Hilda Simms in the full role of the heroine is ready enough but never moving or even faintly convincing.

On the basis of belief that there are certain qualities that, at present anyhow, are specially and highly characteristic of the Negro race, we may say that "Anna Lucasta" throws away most of the possibilities in rich, warm feeling, in vividness, in a sense of rhythmic movement and in the engaging and dramatic voices so often found among Negroes, all of which make such excellent stage material. In this play about Negroes the elements of imaginative speech and the subtleties of insight and quick responsiveness have not been discovered at all.

On one hand, to praise this occasion of "Anna Lucasta" merely because it is the work of Negro players needing encouragement, etc., may be well meant enough, but is only a form of condescension. On the other hand, there may be those who, for all their supposed Broadway, big-city sophistication, find that this sort of thing, falling snow and tripe, is just what they like. STARK YOUNG

Science and Technology

Home Nest of the Furies

HERE IS a broad level plain, set among gently rolling low hills in the fertile Miami Valley in southern Ohio. Clustered at one side, and mounting toward the summits of the grassy knolls are a series of big squat buildings, all gray concrete and steel-framed windows. Overhead, one or two planes cruise lazily, their gray-green camouflage glinting dully in the bright sunshine of an autumnal day.

It all looks peaceful and pastoral, but it is not. For this is the home nest of the furies, the place where airplanes for war are created (with, of course, the aid of the engineers employed by the big aviation companies). From these grassy fields, laced with straight ribbons of concrete runway, have come, in all but actual manufacture, the huge bombers dropping their deadly fruit on the men of Nagasaki, or leaving Berlin a sea of flame behind them; the fighters making a hell of the roads back of the German lines in France; the troop carriers from which the parachute men spilled out over Normandy on D-Day, with their shouts of "Geronimo!"; and every one of the scores of other special types of planes for special types of military service. This rural landscape, mellowing in the cool sunshine, is one of the two or three most important secret military areas on earth, if not indeed No. 1 on that list.

Through absolutely no enterprise or initiative of my own, I have just spent two days at Wright Field, the guest of the Material Command, which is part of the Material, Maintenance and Distribution Division, which is part of the Army Air Forces. I saw many things which I found of absorbing interest.

I do not propose to pretty up, still less to glorify, aerial warfare. All war is a ghastly business; I have been opposed to it all my life and still am. Until, however, the politicians manage to create a warless world, it is important that we should win the wars that are forced upon us. The army, which hates war even more than you and I because it knows more about it, is concerned with that job.

In 1917, the seven sons of General Anson McCook, of Civil War renown, had a handsome farm of 6,000 acres in the Miami Valley. Their farm became the nucleus of what is now the substantially larger area of Wright Field. At that spot assembled what the army proudly insists is the greatest collection of aeronautical brains on earth—more than 10,000 highly trained specialists, plus thousands more civilian assistants. Many of these specialists have the authentic earmarks of genius: they are obsessed with the daemon of their specialty, day and night, weekdays and Sundays. Many of them adapt themselves to military discipline only with the greatest difficulty; they find it hard to keep their buttons buttoned and their shoes polished, or to salute all superior officers before being saluted, when their minds are miles away in the sky with a problem of aerodynamics. They—and their brothers in similar establishments elsewhere in the United States and abroad, serving not only the air forces but artillery, infantry, the navy, the Coast Guard—have achieved the results that we are now beginning to see realized in the headlines in today's paper. Specifically, Wright Field has designed planes, guns, instruments, safety equipment, it has tested materials, supplies, human beings to make the AAF not only by far the biggest but, so they believe, by far the best that exists anywhere on earth.

Wright Field did not swing into action after Pearl Harbor. It had never been out of action. Through the years it had designed and redesigned, tested and double tested. The blueprints were all ready, even though the planes, in quantity production, were not. (Quantities cost money, and Congress, supported by you and me, for a number of reasons some of which do us credit and some do not, wouldn't spend the money.) It takes about three years for a new airplane—a four-engine bomber for example—to go from the designing board to the delivery of effective quantities on the battlefield. I have the authority of Major-General Charles E. Branshaw for the statement that the European aspect of the war will almost certainly be won with equipment planned before Pearl Harbor. Major-General Oliver P. Echols informs us that the comparatively new bombers, the Flying Fortress and the Liberator, were developed before Germany invaded Poland. The magnificent new fighters, Lightnings, Thunderbolts and Mustangs, were already being built in small quantities before the fall of France. Naturally, Wright Field is working now on the airplanes of four or five years hence; and naturally, the details are a closely guarded secret. Incidentally, there is

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a limit to the improvements that can be made in any given type of plane. You can hang only so many gadgets on a Christmas tree. After a few years, therefore, it is better to start over.

A plane must move, at great speed, through a resistant medium, the air. How the air flows over each part of the plane is therefore a matter of tremendous importance. Not long after tentative designs come off the drawing boards, you want wind-tunnel tests. At Wright Field the wind-tunnel buildings are gigantic and misshapen, with huge aluminum-colored tubes, more than 20 feet across, coming out of their sides, making hairpin turns and going back again. They looked to me the way the tubing on a vacuum sweeper must look to an ant. In these tunnels, wind velocities of 600 miles per hour can be created, at least four or five times the speed of any known hurricane. Model airplanes, or even parts of full-sized machines, can be hung up and their action in the air recorded. Such tremendous winds generate heat of hundreds of degrees, and one of the problems has been to reduce this heat without reducing the effectiveness of the tunnel. It has been solved.

At Wright Field, they do all sorts of things with air. In the course of tests not only of planes but of flyers, they heat it, cool it, expand it, compress it in numerous ways. I heard a technician say at one point, "in this device, we use ordinary atmospheric-type air." It was evident he thought rather poorly of it.

Every airplane must be as strong, in each part, as is possible without unwieldiness. The army rule is a 50-per-cent margin of safety: if the maximum stress theoretically possible at any one point is 8,000 pounds, the army insists upon 12,000. Every machine known to modern science is used to test the strength and durability of all materials, but to me the most striking was also the simplest. To test a wing, for instance, you turn the plane upside down and pile bags of shot on the wing until it breaks off. If it breaks at less than 150 percent of the indicated possible pressure, it is too weak. If it breaks at markedly more than the stipulation, it is needlessly strong and is needlessly sacrificing weight. No army airplane is put into production until a corps of busy men in gray-green fatigues have taken one sample plane and have ruined it with shot bags. At the other end of the scale, they test propellers which are so delicately balanced and carefully constructed that a mere splash of paint on the tip will cause destructive vibration.

Wright Field might well adopt as its own the motto of the Sea Bees: "The difficult we do right away; the impossible takes a little longer." The whole history of the field is a record of things done today which were ruled out as fantastic yesterday. General Echols has made a little list of some of them: the internally braced wing, the supercharger, engines delivering one horsepower per pound of weight, planes without propellers (jet propulsion), remotely controlled guns, a 75-mm. cannon firing from a plane without shaking it to pieces, double sets of propellers rotating in opposite directions to overcome torque, radar, reversible propellers which, when a plane is landing, push the air away instead of pulling it in, and thus act as a brake. And that is only the beginning of the list.

I saw an instrument at Wright Field which, once it has been properly set at the beginning of a mission, tells the pilot his latitude and longitude, in minutes and seconds, throughout the flight. The only thing it omits is allowing for wind drift, and I understand that the pilots are pretty peevish about this. "You mean to say the navigator still has to figure wind drift?" they ask indignantly.

I saw another instrument which, so to speak, remains right-side up continually no matter how many somersaults the plane may turn. This solves a real problem: flying on one side or upside down, without knowing it, is a genuine hazard in bad weather. Previous artificial horizons have been effective only up to a change of 90 degrees, which is not enough. This one looks like a billiard ball whose lower half is painted black, and it lives in a medium-sized camera with a bulging lens in front, through which the "universal position indicator" looks out scornfully at these stupid mortals who don't know whether they are right-side-up or upside-down. It always knows.

As a sort of second cousin to this machine there is one used in aerial photography. Here is an art that has been improved, largely at Wright Field, out of all countenance. Aerial cameras now work automatically and in groups of several. They will photograph a strip reaching sideways from horizon to horizon, and frontwards over a distance of hundreds of miles, and the successive photographs will overlap accurately. All done while the cameraman sits by and reads Thrilling True Ace Love Detective Out West Magazine or has a manicure. There is only one defect: the camera is fixed to the plane; when the plane tilts, so does the picture. So they have invented a device which, with icy contempt for human fallibility, records on each exposed negative the degree of variation from the horizontal of the plane at that instant. Then they invented another device by which the finished picture is brought back to the true level. They could just as well use a machine that would keep the camera level no matter what the plane did; the other combination is easier and simpler.

Not the least interesting spectacle at Wright Field is the helicopters, lined up haughtily in a shed by themselves. The army is using both the standard Sikorsky type that you have seen in the newsreels, and the new XR-I, with rotors revolving in opposite directions at the tips of two wing-like pylons. The cabin of the helicopter is made entirely of transparent plexiglass, including the floor, so that the passenger can look down between his own feet at a great deal of open space. The army is already using helicopters for many military purposes and finding them of tremendous value. It makes no comment on possible post-war uses, but I gather that it takes a sour view of some of the enthusiastic notions of civilians. Even a pilot with thousands of hours in the air finds it hard to learn to fly a helicopter and an exacting job to do so.

Human beings were never intended to dive down out of the blue sky at 700 miles an hour and then abruptly swoop upward again. At most, they were intended to swing gently from one branch of a tree to another, twenty feet away. A bombing dive does strange and sometimes disturbing things to the human mechanism; and the army has to know in advance just what they are and how they can be counteracted, remembering the great variation among individuals. This accounts for one of the strangest, most terrifying spectacles I have ever seen: a human being in the "human centrifuge."

The scene is a big square room almost entirely filled

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with a single piece of apparatus: what might be one long transverse section from a merry-go-round. It is supported from the floor in the center, and two tremendously long arms stretch out opposite each other. Attached to one arm at the center are a chair and an instrument panel, facing toward one of the ends. At that end, swinging freely from side to side is a small open cockpit, also with a chair and an instrument panel.

An observer sits in the chair at the center of the axis. The "subject" nonchalantly climbs into the open cockpit at the far end of the arm, where I would not change places with him for quite a lot of money. All spectators are outside the door looking through a heavy glass panel, or have mounted to a precarious catwalk near the ceiling, out of range if anything goes wrong. You hear the question: "Ready?" and the answer: "Ready." A button is touched, a deep whir fills the room, and the whole apparatus is revolving at incredible speed, faster and faster. The free-swinging cockpit is perfectly horizontal, now, cleaving the air at 600 miles an hour. The subject, with his calm, sunburned face, flashes past me again and again. He is facing inward of course, so that his feet travel faster than his head. Now the observer in the middle clicks on a light which appears on the panel before the subject, who reaches to a switch, in spite of going 600 miles an hour, and clicks it off again, to show that he is still conscious. Another light is turned, on—off, and another. On . . . off. On . . . . off. On. . . . . The last light stays on. The subject of the experiment is unconscious. Centrifugal force has pulled some of the blood out of his brain—not all of it, but enough so that the "powerhead," as the scientist in charge prosaically describes it, is lowered and consciousness is lost.

This is not merely a toy to test soldiers' nerves or frighten timid New York editors. By this device you can tell just what speed of curving flight, how long continued, will black out any individual. That fact then becomes part of his record. Oddly enough, when the same man takes that terrible ride several times in succession, he blacks out under less and less strain. This is because the first time, he is afraid; his blood pressure is higher and resists the centrifuge better. As he becomes more accustomed to it he is more relaxed, the blood drains more rapidly, and he faints sooner.

The object of military aviation is to destroy the enemy and all his works. It is also, of course, to sacrifice as few of your own men as possible, and tremendous pains are taken to achieve this latter end. There are many medical studies which have shown how to minimize the strain on the airmen, or to screen out those who for one reason or another are unable to stand the gaff. Flying suits for use in the Arctic are marvels of ingenuity, embracing electrically heated garments, bullet-resisting armor, Mae Wests —automatic-inflation lifebelts—and emergency oxygen supplied for use during enforced parachute jumps. There is similar equipment for every other part of the world. My breath was taken by the amount of material an airman now carries when he is forced to abandon his plane. I cannot begin to enumerate all the items he carries hung about him, but they include a tent, a collapsible rubber boat with mast and sail, cooking utensils, a machine that makes salt water potable, shark-repellent, signaling flares and coloring matter for the ocean about his boat, a knife, a pistol and a book on how to survive in all types of wilderness.

Some war inventions will have the utmost usefulness in peacetime application. At Wright Field, a remarkable new lighting system for airports has been developed which in bad weather will supplement instrument flying for the all-important last 50 or 100 feet of descent. Colored lights are arranged in a row on both sides of the runway, parallel to it, and extending beyond its ends for a considerable distance. This system of lights, which works equally well from either end of the runway, tells the pilot exactly what to do at every second of the end of his flight. This American invention has now been adopted by all other countries except the enemy and will undoubtedly soon be worldwide.

There is a piece of rescue equipment which will also have important peacetime use. Modifying a successful British device, the American army now has a power-driven lifeboat which is carried by plane and dropped into the sea near survivors of any aerial or nautical misfortune. This boat has two engines generating 10 horsepower, and also uses sails. It has a range of 1,500 miles, and can carry a large number of adults. It is dropped with parachutes from the plane, close to where the survivors are in the sea or on ordinary life rafts. When it strikes the water, a smoke bomb is set off to indicate its location. At the same time, ropes 150 yards long shoot out at right angles from both sides of the boat, and these float on the surface of the water to help in rescue work. Each boat carries blood plasma and other medical equipment, food, clothing, radio and signaling apparatus. Such a boat can be dropped near an island, otherwise inaccessible, where wreck survivors may be living.

Everyone is aware that automatic gyroscopic pilots nowadays take much of the strain out of long-distance flights; but even knowing this, I was not prepared for one thing that I saw. Sitting meekly in a back corner of a laboratory, like Einstein in a high-school mathematics class, was a device which I can only describe as looking like three rather large and rather complicated cameras clustered together—the Autopilot. It was set in a dummy plane, with miniature wings and tail. As I stood behind this contraption where the pilot's seat should be, I looked into six small round lighted eyes, set in an irregular horizontal line. The instrument stared at me without winking and I did my best to stare back.

Now we were, theoretically, in full flight. The machine had been told, in a language of its own, the course, speed and altitude desired. Within its depths there was a delicate whirring. Then an attendant stepped forward and laying hold of the miniature plane, pushed the whole nose down and to the left. The mechanism glared indignantly at me, and blinked violently with two of its eyes. In a matter of seconds, blinking continuously, it had brought the plane up and to the right until it was exactly on its course again —and I mean exactly. It stopped blinking, and looked at me reproachfully once more, like an old clubman when the waiter has forgotten to bring him his whiskey.

The attendant came forward again, and pulled the plane up and to the right. Instantly the blinking started and before I could count five, the damage to the course had been counteracted. The process was repeated with every conceivable combination of trouble. The machine solved all problems without ever taking its eyes off me. I might mention that it was at the same time keeping the plane's automatic bomb-sight in full operation so that at any second,

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bombs could be released with a certainty that they would find their target.

It was my nerve that broke first, and I turned away with a sick feeling that I was looking at the future and that it did not like me. Once again, as so often before, I thought how much better we build for destruction than for peace, how much better are our technicians than our politicians, what a world this would be if the sort of genius that creates machines like this, the genius so amazingly exemplified at Wright Field, could also teach human beings to live amicably together. BRUCE BLIVEN

The Bandwagon

That organization [the Ku Klux Klan] is not anti-Catholic, anti-Jew or anti-Negro. In fact it is not anti-anything. It is pro-Protestant, pro-white and pro-Gentile. – *The Rev. William E. Thompson, former Kleagle, as quoted in The St. Paul Dispatch.*

Channeling of production and consumption would create a dark future for advertising. This, in turn, would be a threat to a free press, dependent as it is upon advertising. – *Samuel B. Pettengill in The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Democracy at Work

. . . Every Illinois man and woman in the military service not only can vote in the election and vote for complete national, state and county tickets, but . . . every ballot will be counted, regardless of the result. – *Governor Green of Illinois, as quoted in The Chicago Sun.*

Ouch!

An invasion egg was laid by a hen owned by E. R. Martin in Calhoun County the day of the invasion of France. . . . An outline on the egg resembles the outline of the French coast on which the Allied troops landed. . . . Then three days later, the hen laid another marked egg with an outline resembling the English coast. – *From The Record (Columbia, S. C.).*

The Negroes' Best Friends Are in the South

. . . Mattie, Mrs. Alan D. Whittaker's faithful cook for 20 years, acclaimed as the "best cook in the world" by all the Whittakers' friends . . . has yearned to be known as the owner of a war bond. . . . So for a whole year she has been saving pennies and the tips which ——— and ——— (Lieutenants) gave her. . . . Last week . . . she lacked only 60 cents of having enough money to make her purchase. So Mrs. Whittaker and her sister donated the necessary amount in order that Mattie might buy her war bond. – *From the society notes of The Atlanta Constitution.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Inside Germany

SIR: You may be interested in some information I have recently received in letters from Germany.

A young half-Jewish girl who lives as a fugitive in a neutral country was called to the German legation in that country and asked to return to Germany "because every work hand was needed." She objected, saying she was Jewish, but was told that such considerations did not count at the moment. Needless to say, she refused, as did all other fugitives of her race. German industrial leaders have often said that the liquidation of the Jews was a mistake, because foreign workers give so much trouble.

Allied air raids have destroyed, disorganized and consequently restricted industrial work in Germany to such an extent that many thousands of foreign workers have lost their jobs. They are being sent back to their respective homelands. In order to keep work going after air raids, terror measures have had to be increased: In Strasbourg, Mannheim and Frankfurt the Ordnungsmannschaften shot several dozen men and women on the spot because they searched among the ruins for their dead and their belongings, instead of taking up work immediately.

Despite the fact that foreign workers are urgently needed, they are not allowed to remain in Germany if the plants in which they worked have been destroyed. They are deported to the borders of their respective countries. In most cases their legitimation documents and passports were burned when Berlin's "Fremdenamt" was bombed, so that neither German authorities nor foreign diplomatic representatives can identify many thousands of these workers. This situation is largely exploited by all who want to leave the country—including many Germans. Lack of German personnel at railway stations on the borders causes unimaginable chaos and affords excellent opportunities for escape.

German leaders have divided opinions about the importation of foreign workers. Political leaders like Himmler are against it because they realize the growing danger for the internal front, while those who are responsible for production demand it. The expulsion of ten thousand or more workers from Germany on one side and the reimportation of as many or more on the other side show the chaotic conditions of industrial production as a result of Allied bombing.

Stockholm, Sweden S. G.

Tolerance in Utah

SIR: It is of more than passing interest and significance that Utah, long the object of denunciation and bitter criticism mostly directed at its presumed intolerance, can today be regarded as the nation's outstanding example of tolerance in all human relationships.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is, of course, the controlling influence in Utah, though its members constitute but about one-third of the population of Salt Lake City and two-thirds of the whole state. Yet the Jews, the Catholic Church, the Episcopal Church and most of the evangelical denominations are strong, and it is no uncommon thing to see the chief apostles of the Mormon Church, the Episcopal bishop of Utah, Catholic clergy and Jewish rabbis sitting together at public functions.

The creed of the Mormon Church is specific and unequivocal in its position against discrimination "of race, color or creed," and it does not except Asiatics, not even Japanese. And so you

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find that Utah takes its stand in respect of American-born Japanese both on constitutional and humanitarian grounds. It permits the presence within its borders of Japanese who are legally American citizens and it does not permit any discrimination whatever to be manifested against them, so long as they do not, either by word or act, forfeit their political status.

Salt Lake City is perhaps the only American town today that still has a Japanese colony. This numbers around two hundred. Some of its members operate small hotels, lunchrooms and fruit stores. They go about freely. There is not the slightest discrimination against them, and their record of conduct in Utah from the start makes it clear that their appreciation of this tolerance is strong. Some Japanese from the Utah relocation center have found their way into the city. Others are employed on Mormon farms in different parts of the state. There are a number of Japanese students in Brigham Young University, at Provo, and Dr. Franklin S. Harris, the president, told me they were among his best students.

Utah's position in regard to the postwar disposition of American-born Japanese is much the same as Arizona's. Both states declare their willingness to receive a reasonable number of Japanese, but neither is prepared to offer itself as a solution for California's supposed racial problems nor as a victim of California's virulent anti-Asiatic phobia.

Salt Lake City, Utah MARC T. GREENE

Radio and Monopoly

SIR: "Radio's New Chance," in a recent issue of The New Republic, is, according to its author, a chance—through Frequency Modulation—to break, "if we are willing to fight about it, the monopoly of the air waves on which the networks have fattened for the last twenty years."

What monopoly?

Twenty years ago there was no Columbia Broadcasting System, no Blue Network, no Don Lee Network, no Yankee Network. Subject only to the restrictions and regulations of the FCC, the sale of stations and networks provides an endless change in ownership and operation of radio broadcasting. Station sales involving a turnover of some $7,000,000 are even now awaiting FCC approval. Buyer of two of these stations is Marshall Field. Negotiator for a third is United Automobile Workers (CIO).

Speaking of the possibility of 3,000 additional broadcasting stations on FM frequencies, your article states that "that is what the networks and their advertisers fear, for the new FM system will compete with them for listeners." The implication is that networks have no competition for listeners today, that the radio audience is obliged to accept what programs they offer.

PM and other New York newspapers today list 22 local stations to which metropolitan listeners may tune for programs of their choice. In relation to density of population, the same wide freedom of choice in programs exists throughout the country. Few indeed are the radio homes that cannot choose their radio fare from at least ten different stations. The fact that a vast majority is constantly tuned to network stations is nothing more than a commentary on the quality of network programs.

Quality of radio entertainment is largely in direct ratio to its cost. If, as your article suggests, the 3,000 theoretical FM stations were to provide 3,000 separate and independent program services, the quality of an individual station's program would be limited to the size of the station's program budget, to say nothing of the availability and quality of local talent. (How funny, incidentally, would the 3,000th most popular radio comedian be?) Under such circumstances, FM, with all its technical improvements, would probably attract very few listeners away from their favorite AM programs.

It is true that networks are allowing FM stations to carry their programs free of charge, but there is nothing to force acceptance of the offer. Making the popular AM programs available to FM stations will hasten the development of the better quality broadcasting, for FM can grow and eventually replace AM only if FM programs are good enough to win today's radio audience. Separate programming, on the other hand, is wasteful of talent and money, and in many localities would lower the quality of programs on both AM and FM stations. Only the network system of broadcasting can supply the smaller stations with a regular daily schedule of high-quality programs with wide listener appeal. Such a system has not and does not seek to stifle program competition on AM. With channels open for a possible 3,000 additional stations on FM, the threat of network "control" is scarcely worth The New Republic's concern.

GEORGE CRANDALL, Director,
Press Information, Columbia Broadcasting System
New York City

Case Histories Wanted

SIR: To combat anti-Semitism, I am preparing a pamphlet which will deal with the common variety found among people who are not consciously following the fascist line. Readers of The New Republic could help significantly by submitting from personal experience examples of either (a) anti-Semitic remarks or actions observed in their neighborhood, or (b) any effective steps, no matter how small, taken by themselves or others to counter this subtle form of anti-Semitism. Direct quotations are desirable; contributors will not be identified by name. My address is 8 West Fortieth Street, New York 18.

New York City ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The American League for a Free Palestine writes to ask support for the Thomas-Somers Resolution, recently introduced into Congress, calling upon the President and the State Department to use their good offices to establish Palestine Emergency Shelters for Jews liberated from the Balkans. The League terms this "a last-minute fight to restore the honor of the United Nations" by effecting this compromise and offering the British government a final opportunity to admit the remnants of the Jewish people of Europe to safety in Palestine.

A letter from the Tobacco Workers' Organizing Committee of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America-CIO in Winston-Salem, N. C., describes the pressure brought against the union by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company in this city, famous for the manufacture of Camel cigarettes. The committee charges the Reynolds company with playing on the racial prejudice of the city by framing one of the union organizers, a Negro, with a charge of assault on a white woman. Although the CIO union is the official bargaining authority at the Reynolds plant, a disagreement between the union and the management over wage rates is now being appealed to the War Labor Board.

Stanton A. Coblentz, Mill Valley, California, objects to our editorial "Compulsory Military Training" [The New Republic, August 28]. He feels that a year of compulsory national service would be the beginning of the road to regimentation and authoritarianism.

Vice President Henry A. Wallace will be the speaker at a Roosevelt rally to be held at 8 p. m. in Madison Square Garden on Thursday, September 21, under the auspices of the Independent Voters' Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt. Tickets for the rally are on sale at committee headquarters, suite 170, Hotel Astor, from 9:30 a. m. to 10 p. m.

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Books in Review

The Case Against Mr. Frost: II

In spite of his achievements as a narrative and lyric poet—some of which I mentioned last week—there is a case against Robert Frost as a social philosopher in verse and as a representative of the New England tradition. He is too much walled in by the past. Unlike the great Yankees of an earlier age, he is opposed to innovations in art, ethics, science, industry or politics. Thus, in one of his longer blank-verse monologues, he bridles when he hears a "New York alec" discussing Freudian psychology, which Frost dismisses as "the new school of the pseudo-phallic." Elsewhere he objects to researches in animal behavior (which he calls "instituting downward comparisons"), to new inventions (saying that ingenuity should be held in check) and even to the theory of evolution—or at least he ridicules one farmer who speaks of it admiringly, whereas he sympathizes with another who stops him on the road to say:

> The trouble with the Mid-Victorians
> Seems to have been a man named John L. Darwin.

New ideas seem worse to him if they come from abroad, and worst of all if they come from Russia. He is continually declaiming against the Russians of all categories: the pessimistic Russians, the revolutionary Russians, the collectivistic Russians, the five-year-planning Russians: he seems to embrace them all in a global and historical dislike that extends from Dostoevsky to Dnieperstroy. He is horrified by the thought that New England might be exposed to the possibility of adopting any good or bad feature of the Russian program. Thus, after reading about a project for rural rehabilitation, he hastened to write:

> It is in the news that all these pitiful kin
> Are to be bought out and mercifully gathered in
> To live in villages next to the theatre and store
> Where they won't have to think for themselves any more;
> While greedy good-doers, beneficent beasts of prey,
> Swarm over their lives, enforcing benefits
> That are calculated to soothe them out of their wits,
> And by teaching them how to sleep the sleep all day,
> Destroy their sleeping at night the ancient way.

Sometimes Frost decides that it would be a relief "To put these people at one stroke out of their pain"—these people being the marginal farmers; then next day he wonders how it would be if someone offered to put an end to his own troubles. The upshot is that he proposes to do nothing whatever, being satisfied with the New England countryside as it is—or rather, as it was in his early manhood—and outraged by anyone who tries to improve it.

Yet there are other poems in which he suggests that his faithfulness to "the ancient way" is more a matter of habit than conviction. In "The Black Cottage," he remembers an old woman who had lost her husband in the Civil War and who used to say (in her "quaint phrase," as Frost calls it) that all men were created free and equal. The old woman was also an orthodox Christian, and her presence in church kept the minister from changing any phrases in the Creed. The minister says, recalling "her old tremulous bonnet in the pew":

> I'm just as glad she made me keep hands off,
> For, dear me, why abandon a belief
> Merely because it ceases to be true.
> Cling to it long enough, and not a doubt
> It will turn true again.

Although the minister is speaking, he seems to express Frost's attitude toward the old New England standards. The poet is more conventional than convinced, more concerned with prudence than with virtue, and very little concerned with sin or suffering; you might say that he is more Puritan, or even prudish, than he is Christian. All the figures in his poems are decently draped; all the love affairs (except in a very late narrative, "The Subverted Flower") are etherealized or intellectualized; and although he sometimes refers to very old adulteries, it is only after they have been wrapped in brown paper and locked away in cupboards. On the other hand, there is little in his work to suggest Christian charity or universal brotherhood under God. He wants us to understand once and for all that he is not his brother's keeper:

> I have none of the tenderer-than-thou
> Collectivistic regimenting love
> With which the modern world is being swept

—and the ancient world was also swept, in the first centuries after Christ. There is one of his narratives, "Two Tramps in Mud Time," that has often been praised for the admirable lesson with which it ends; and yet a professor told me not long ago that his classes always seemed vaguely uncomfortable when they heard it read aloud. It was first published in 1934, and it deals with what seems to have been an incident of the depression years. The poet tells us that he was working in his dooryard on an April day between winter and spring; he was splitting great blocks of straight-grained beech with a lively sense of satisfaction. Two tramps came walking down the muddy road. One of them said, "Hit them hard," and then lingered by the roadside, suggesting wordlessly that he might take the poet's job for pay. The poet assumed that they had spent the winter in a lumber camp, that they were now unemployed and that they had slept "God knows where last night." In life the meeting may have had a different sequel. Perhaps the poet explained to the homeless men that he liked to split his own wood, but that he had other work for them to do; or perhaps he invited them into the kitchen for a slab of home-baked bread spread thick with apple butter. In the poem, however, he lets them walk away without a promise or a penny; and perhaps that explains why a college class—west of the Alleghanies, at least—cannot hear it read without feeling uneasy. Instead of helping these men who wanted to work, Frost turns to the reader with a sound but rather sententious sermon on the ethical value of the chopping block:

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But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For heaven and the future's sakes.

The meter and tone of the passage remind us of another narrative poem written in New England almost a hundred years before; but "The Vision of Sir Launfal" had a different moral to point:

Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.

What Frost sets before us is an ideal, not of charity or brotherhood, but of separateness. "Keep off each other and keep each other off," he tells us in "Build Soil." "We're too unseparate out among each other. . . . Steal away and stay away." In some of his poems he faintly suggests Emerson, and yet he is preaching only half the doctrine of self-reliance, which embraced the community as well as the individual. Emerson said, for example, "He only who is able to stand alone is qualified for society," thus implying that the self-reliant individual was to use his energies for social ends. Frost, on the other hand, makes no distinction between separateness and self-centeredness. In his poems, fine as the best of them are, the social passions of the great New Englanders are diverted into narrower channels. One cannot imagine him thundering against the Fugitive Slave Law, like Emerson; or rising like Thoreau to defend John Brown after the Harper's Ferry raid; or even conducting a quietly persistent campaign against brutality on American ships, as Hawthorne did when he was consul at Liverpool. He is concerned chiefly with himself and his near neighbors, or rather with the Yankees among his neighbors (for although his section of New England is largely inhabited by Poles and French Canadians, there are only two poems in which these foreigners are mentioned). He says when splitting his straight-grained beech blocks:

The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood;

—and one feels that these blows might symbolize the inward or backward turning of energies in a region that once had wider horizons.

And Frost does not strive toward greater depth to compensate for what he lacks in breadth; he does not strike far inward into the wilderness of human nature. It is true that he often talks about the need for inwardness. He says, for example, in "Build Soil," which for all its limitations of doctrine is the best of his long philosophical poems and perhaps the only one worth preserving:

We're always too much out or too much in.
At present from a cosmical dilation
We're so much out that the odds are against
Our ever getting inside in again;

—yet still he sets limits on the exploration of himself, as he sets them on almost every other human activity; here again he displays the sense of measure and decorum that puts him in the classical, or rather the neo-classical, tradition. He is always building defenses against the infinite, walls that stand "Between too much and me." In the woods, there is a pile of rocks and an iron stake to mark the limit of his land; and here too:

One tree, by being deeply wounded,
Has been impressed as Witness Tree
And made commit to memory
My proof of being not unbounded.

The woods play a curious part in Frost's poems; they seem to be his symbol for the uncharted country within ourselves, full of possible beauty, but also full of horror. From the woods at dusk, you might hear the hidden music of the brook, "a slender, tinkling fall"; or you might see wood creatures, a buck and a doe, looking at you over the stone fence that marks the limit of the pasture lot. But you don't cross the fence, except in dreams; and then, instead of brook or deer, you are likely to meet a strange Demon rising "from his wallow to laugh." And so, for fear of the Demon, and also because of your moral obligations, you merely stand at the edge of the woods to listen:

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went—
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:
I would not come in.
I meant, not even if asked,
And I hadn't been.

But Hawthorne before him, timid and thin and conventional as he was in many of his tales, still plucked up his courage and ventured into the inner wilderness; and Conrad Aiken's poems (to mention one example of New England work today) are written almost wholly from within that haunted mid-region. To explore the real horrors of the mind is a long tradition in American letters, one that goes back to our first professional novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. He said in one of his letters, quoted in a footnote by Van Wyck Brooks, "You, you tell me, are one of those who would rather travel into the mind of a plowman than into the interior of Africa. I confess myself of your way of thinking." The same tendency was continued by Poe and Melville and Henry James, and it extends in an almost unbroken line into the late work of Hemingway and Faulkner. But Frost, even in his finest lyrics, is content to stop outside the woods, either in the thrush-haunted dusk or on a snowy evening:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

If he does not strike far inward, neither does he follow the other great American tradition (extending from Whitman through Dos Passos) of standing on a height to observe the panorama of nature and society. Let us say that he is a poet neither of the mountains nor of the woods, although he lives among both, but rather of the hill pastures,

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the intervales, the dooryard in autumn with the leaves swirling, the closed house shaking in the winter storms (and who else has described these scenes more accurately, in more lasting colors?). In the same way, he is not the poet of New England in its great days, or in its late-nineteenth-century decline (except in some of his earlier poems); he is rather a poet who celebrates the diminished but prosperous and self-respecting New England of the tourist home and the antique shop in the abandoned gristmill. And the praise heaped on Frost in recent years is somehow connected in one's mind with the search for ancestors and authentic old furniture. You imagine a saltbox cottage restored to its original lines; outside it a wellsweep preserved for its picturesque quality, even though there is also an electric pump; at the doorway a coach lamp wired and polished; inside the house a set of Hitchcock chairs, a Salem rocker, willow-ware plates and Sandwich glass; and, on the tip-top table, carefully dusted, a first edition of Robert Frost.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Through the Looking Glass

For the Time Being, by W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 132 pages. $2.

POETIC JUSTICE, with its attendant ironies, must have presided over the mutually rewarding interchange that sent T. S. Eliot to England and brought W. H. Auden to this country. Eliot, whose preaching has never quite rationalized his practice, has retained a peculiarly individual talent. Auden, whose iconoclasm has merely tested his loyalties, has not broken with tradition. Craftsmanship is a surer link than manifestos and genuflections, and Auden's skill is linked with the odes of Dryden and the patter of Gilbert, with the varied masters and characteristic journeymen of English prosody. He has taught much, and can teach more, to our native poets: few of them have really mastered the technical requirements of their craft, and those who have spend most of their efforts reminding us of the fact. A book which—despite its temporizing title—takes in its stride the ballade, the villanelle, the sestina, sapphics, elegiacs and *terza rima*, while making words a vehicle for ideas instead of the contrary, is more than a current event; it is an enduring delight. When poetry is as topical and colloquial, as pregnant with issues and idioms as Auden's, it cannot be transplanted without undergoing some abstraction of matter, some intensification of manner. Imagery becomes less immediate, diction more macaronic. Gorgeous dames have Oxford accents and juke-boxes play Handel. The old familiar-exotic contrast between a concrete little England and the big abstract globe gives way to the broader antitheses of art versus nature and naturalism versus supernaturalism. But the *discordia concors*, whereby they are resolved, is still the dominant mode; Auden and Eliot can still meet, if not on the common ground of the vernacular and contemporary, then in the rarefied atmosphere of the literary and philosophic.

The perpetual aspiration of poetry toward the condition of drama, which Eliot has bravely expounded and weakly exemplified, finds further expression in the two long poems that compose Auden's latest volume. Since his province is

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EDITED BY *David F. Bowers*

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The Liberal Party

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not dramatic characterization, but lyric speculation and satiric generalization, he has wisely allowed Shakespeare and the gospels to provide the text for his comments. "The Sea and the Mirror" is a commentary on "The Tempest" and "For the Time Being" is a Christmas oratorio. Taken together, as mystery and masque, they represent the alpha and omega of the theatrical cycle. The last comes appropriately first, for Shakespeare's ending is far too happy to be conclusive: it suggests disparities between literature and life which neither Prospero's magic nor the audience's make-believe can altogether reconcile. By singling out the unreconciled character, by harping on the discordant note, Auden bespeaks our attention for "The drama that Antonio Plays in his mind alone." But it is Caliban who provokes Auden, as he did Browning and Renan, to the most interesting afterthoughts. The servant-monster, gesturing with the hands of Sweeney and speaking in the voice of Henry James, expresses the paradoxical "relationship between the real and the imagined." If he is nature, art is his mirror, and Ariel is the artist's tricksy genius, "the spirit of reflection." If Ariel is the idealized image of Caliban, Caliban is the gross echo of Ariel, and metaphysical reality lies behind the proscenium—on the other side of the mirror. Life is ultimately envisaged, not as Plato's cave nor Bede's sparrow, but as "the greatest grandest opera rendered by a very provincial touring company indeed"—a mock-heroic metaphor which Trotsky once applied to the social-revolutionary government.

> It's as if
> We had left our house for five minutes to mail a letter,
> And during that time the living room had changed places
> With the room behind the mirror over the fireplace . . .

Thus the oratorio picks up the whimsical theme of the commentary, and carries it through a series of resourceful modulations to a music-hall finale, setting the Flight into Egypt—"the Land of Unlikeness"—against a real-estate development of the Waste Land. The perplexities and strivings of the intellectual, the man with the mirror, are profoundly grasped and impressively orchestrated: "How can his knowledge protect his desire for truth from illusion?" The response, prompted by the occasion, is the Good News from Bethlehem, refulgent against the bad news of modern civilization. Herod, the very pattern of a modern liberal, is outheroded by Simeon, prototype of the convert. Auden, like most intelligent believers, affirms a positive faith by a kind of double negation, a denial of doubt, a questioning of skepticism. He is more adept at burying Caesar than at praising Christ, more anxious for a Messiah than confident in the Revelation. When his libretto calls for a paradisiacal strain, he touches the quavering reed-organ of revivalism: "There's a Way. There's a Voice." The medieval nativity plays, *sancta simplicitas*, could mix slapstick with piety; but the mixture of satire and theology, as Dostoevsky shows, is diabolically complex. Sin is notoriously easier to dramatize—or believe in—than grace; hence Freud is a more pertinent guide than Beatrice. The rhyming clichés of the romantics, "love" and "dove," are displaced by the Freudian be-all and end-all, "womb" and "tomb." The cult of Mary is treated as the supreme mother-fixation, and Joseph is seen as a comic degradation of the superfluous husband. Nostalgia conjures up expressionistic visions of the sea-changed past and the air-conditioned future. Belief is a god in the machine, who sublimates private and public problems, and by whom Imagination is redeemed from "promiscuous fornication with her own images."

That this is all done with mirrors, that poetry which aspires to prophecy is even more paranoid than art for art's sake, the skeptical reader can neither affirm nor deny. But he cannot help observing a narcissistic tendency to escape through the looking-glass into an island kingdom or desert exile. Auden's parenthetical remark "(there is probably no one whose real name is Brown)" seems very revealing; it reveals the "contrived fissure" between the poet and his audience. His function—for we have almost lost sight of Shakespeare's definition—is to hold the mirror up to nature, not to denaturalize Caliban or supernaturalize the White Knight. "Our wonder, our terror remains," to be sure, but it is more fully explained by today's headlines than by Auden upon Setebos. Though so sincere and talented a writer is not fairly to be compared with Aldous Huxley, their self-conscious pilgrimages from modernism to mysticism run curiously parallel. And latterly their insight into our follies and weaknesses has been made the sudden pretext of an evangelical appeal which, for those of us who do not happen to be going their way, is more embarrassing than convincing. Huxley was always a glib faddist, whereas Auden drew energy from his social convictions. To have exhausted them so quickly, while the circumstances they faced are more pressing than ever, does not heighten the plausibility of his present credo. To be stalemated by the false dichotomy between a subjective Us and an objective Them, a sentimental notion of culture and a naïve prejudice against science, is hardly the way to protect a desire for truth from illusion. It is what we have learned to expect from our academics and clericals, our all-too-humanists and quack angelic doctors. But we still expect something more truly humane from a poet whose writing has been so lucent and polished a mirror of the time being.

HARRY LEVIN

The Soviet Elite

Management in Russian Industry and Agriculture, by Gregory Bienstock, Solomon M. Schwarz and Aaron Yugow. Introduction by Jacob Marschak. New York: Oxford University Press. 198 pages. $3.

FEW BOOKS ON RUSSIA avoid the fury of partisan polemics. Writers are apt to see either outrageous evil or glittering utopian splendors in the trials and errors of the Soviet economy. It is heartening, therefore, to find a book that frankly acknowledges the dynamic power of the Russian system yet critically views its apparent grossness. This first publication of the recently formed Institute of World Affairs is an accomplished and eminently fair appraisal of Soviet economics. Although the authors are concerned primarily with "the smallest constituent units of economic volition—the single industrial plant, the single collective farm," the reader is nevertheless able to perceive broad outlines of Russia's economy.

Russian management, though compelled to conform to state plans and circumscribed by government and party

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directives, has one thing in common with management in other nations. They both engage in the pursuit of profits. As Mr. Marschak shows in his admirably written introduction, profit-seeking in the USSR varies markedly from its capitalist manifestations. Prices, inventories, sources of supply and outlets are unalterable factors for the Soviet manager. He has but one way to increase plant profits: the increase of labor productivity. A manager who successfully exceeds planned profits obtains no direct financial gain. He is rewarded rather by a heightened prestige and by the knowledge that he has contributed to the strengthening of state power. Social recognition, though, is generally accompanied by more material emoluments.

Yet socialist motivation, so fascinating a problem in human nature, is not the major topic here. The chief emphasis is on management problems. During the course of their analysis the authors present a well organized treatment of the Communist Party's influence on management, managers' relations to the planning commissions and the more detailed problems of procurement, price, output and cost. In this discussion, shared by the three authors in about equal proportions, several interesting developments stand out. Prior to 1934, managers were supposed to carry out "triangular coöperation." Distrusted by the government, they were continually checked by party and trade-union representatives. Since the purges of 1938 a new group of managers has come to the fore. These men, loyal party members and skilled engineers, have been asking for a greater measure of plant autonomy. The government, in the interests of more efficient production, has begun to recognize their claims. Another notable change has been the decline of the trade unions. Stripped of their economic power in 1929, the unions have evolved into nothing more than redundant welfare organizations. They no longer are concerned with hiring, working conditions or wage fixing. The analysis of wage differentials, however, is inadequate here. The reader might supplement the material in this book with Abram Bergson's excellent study, "The Structure of Soviet Wages," which was reviewed briefly in the April 4 issue of The New Republic.

A book of this kind is bound to be seized upon by those who wish to confirm their favorite theory about the Soviet Union. It is essentially a factual study and facts can often be chopped to fit Procrustean beds. James Burnham, for example, hails the volume because it offers substantial proof of the validity of his managerial revolution. Mr. Burnham doubtless has misinterpreted the evidence. Yet one of the collaborators in this book, Mr. Schwarz, seems to agree with Burnham. The industrial managers, says Schwarz, have become the nucleus of a new ruling élite and they are strengthening their position by the liquidation of equal opportunities in education. But it should be stressed that neither of the other authors nor Mr. Marschak agrees with this thesis. The paucity of evidence simply does not justify it. As Mr. Marschak says, the USSR is still following a policy of experimentation. And the Communist Party still has the power to issue directives to plant and farm managers.

The growth of a strong management group will not alter appreciably the Russian political and moral environment. Efficient, skilled management is an industrial need and a technological fact. Burnham's managerial revolu-

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tion, however, implies something ineffably baneful in the techniques of industrial control used in the USSR. It is rather the moral system, the demands of *Machtpolitik* and the disheartening confusion of ends and means that account for whatever evil there may be in the Soviet system. For an understanding of that, though, we must go beyond the limits of this book. BEN B. SELIGMAN

Crime and Punishment

ALARUM AND EXCURSION by Virginia Perdue (Crime Club, $2). Just before Nick Matheny, head of Seaboard Petroleum, is to take off by plane for Washington to present the government with the formula for a new synthetic fuel, he is brutally assaulted. Amnesia follows, and Nick, closely guarded in a sanitarium, tries to piece together the circumstances of his accident, and then, with returning memory, to discover the fate of the precious formula. A clever and exciting job by the author of "He Fell Down Dead."

NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH, by Rex Stout (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). Archie—Major Goodwin to you—is ordered by his colonel to obtain the services of Nero Wolfe for Army Intelligence. Not that Wolfe is unpatriotic, but he wants a combat job! How Archie successfully carries out his orders is demonstrated in the title story—and it's a dandy—of this "Double Mystery," though I regret to report that the other tale is no great shakes.

THE AMETHYST SPECTACLES, by Frances Crane (Random, $2). Back in New Mexico, the Abbotts, Jean and Pat, who is convalescing from wounds received with the Marines in the Pacific, learn that an old friend has died in mysterious circumstances. Pat starts nosing around, and then two more deaths occur in their little circle. Miss Crane resolves the puzzle satisfactorily, if not with quite the sparkle of her earlier Pat Abbott jobs.

BLOOD UPON THE SNOW, by Hilda Lawrence (Simon and Schuster, $2). This nicely complicated case concerns the Moreys (is the wife, Laura, insane?), their children, an old friend, a butler, cook and two maids, plus Mark East, a private detective whom the friend has hired ostensibly as a secretary but really as a bodyguard. The sheriff lists the cook's death as accidental until one of the maids is strangled. What did they know that made it necessary to kill them? East succeeds in solving the mystery, with the aid of of some amusing local characters. E. H.

Contributors

LUCILLE B. MILNER was nearly a victim of the American Legion's blacklist in Denver. The local post made every effort to prevent a meeting arranged for her at the YWCA by the American Civil Liberties Union, but was unsuccessful. Mrs. Milner has been secretary of the Union since 1920.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL was born in Germany in 1897, and has had a varied career as editor, newspaperman and Central European publicity manager for American and German film companies. Since the advent of Hitler, he has devoted his time to political writing and anti-Nazi activities. His books include "The German People versus Hitler" and "The Other Germany." With Hans Siebert, he is completing a history of the German Youth Movement and the problem of reëducation for English publication by Lindsay Drummond.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of a number of books of poetry, fiction and biography. Her most recent volume of verse is "Take Them, Stranger," just published by Henry Holt.

LILLIAN SMITH is the author of the best-seller, "Strange Fruit," and co-editor of South Today.

PAUL A. SAMUELSON, an associate professor of Economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, is now on leave to do technical war work. He formerly served as consultant on postwar planning to the National Resources Planning Board.

HARRY LEVIN, an associate professor of English at Harvard, has recently revised the translation and contributed an introduction to the New Classics edition of Flaubert's "Three Tales," published in July by New Directions.

BEN B. SELIGMAN is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

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